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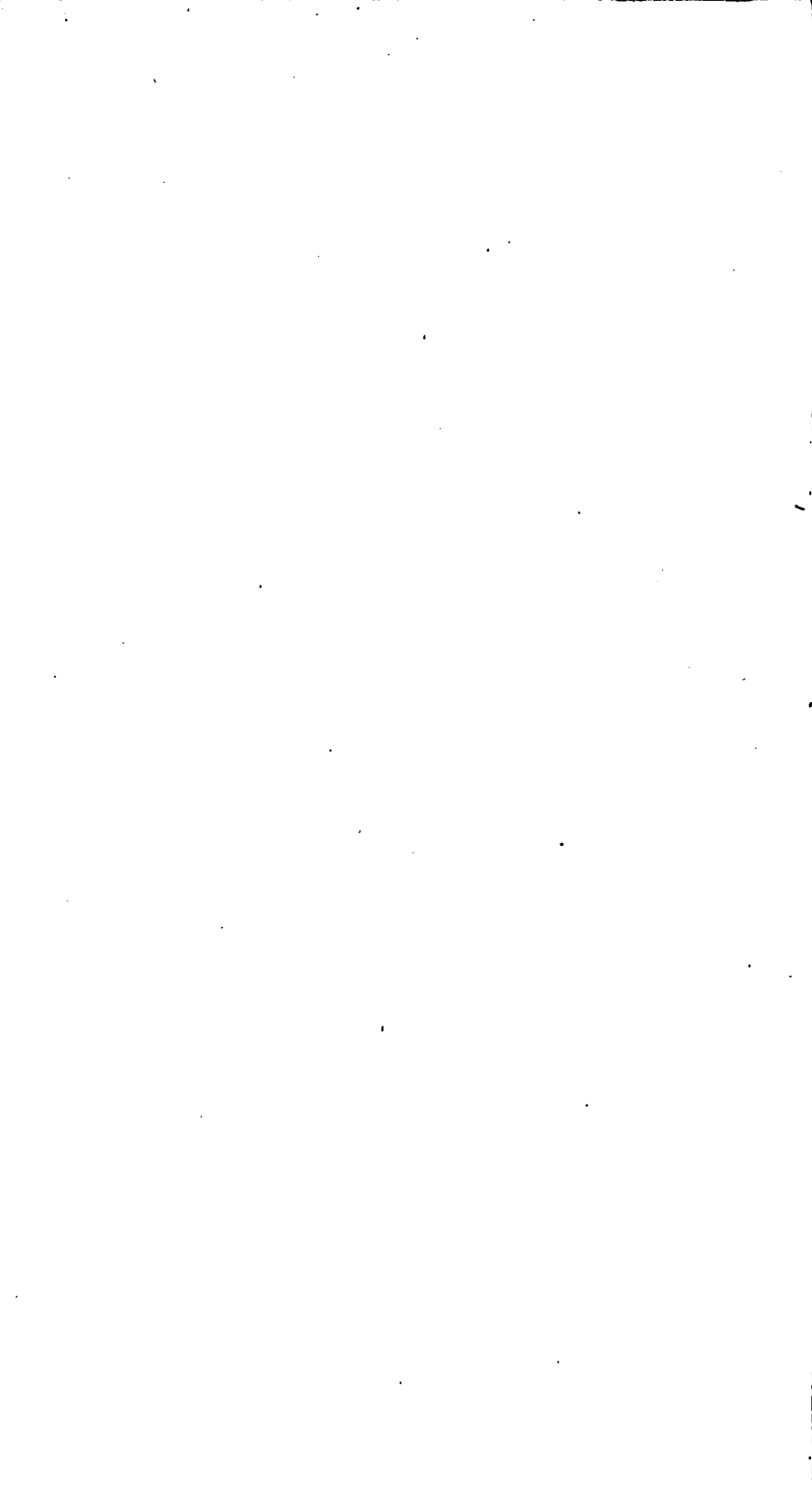
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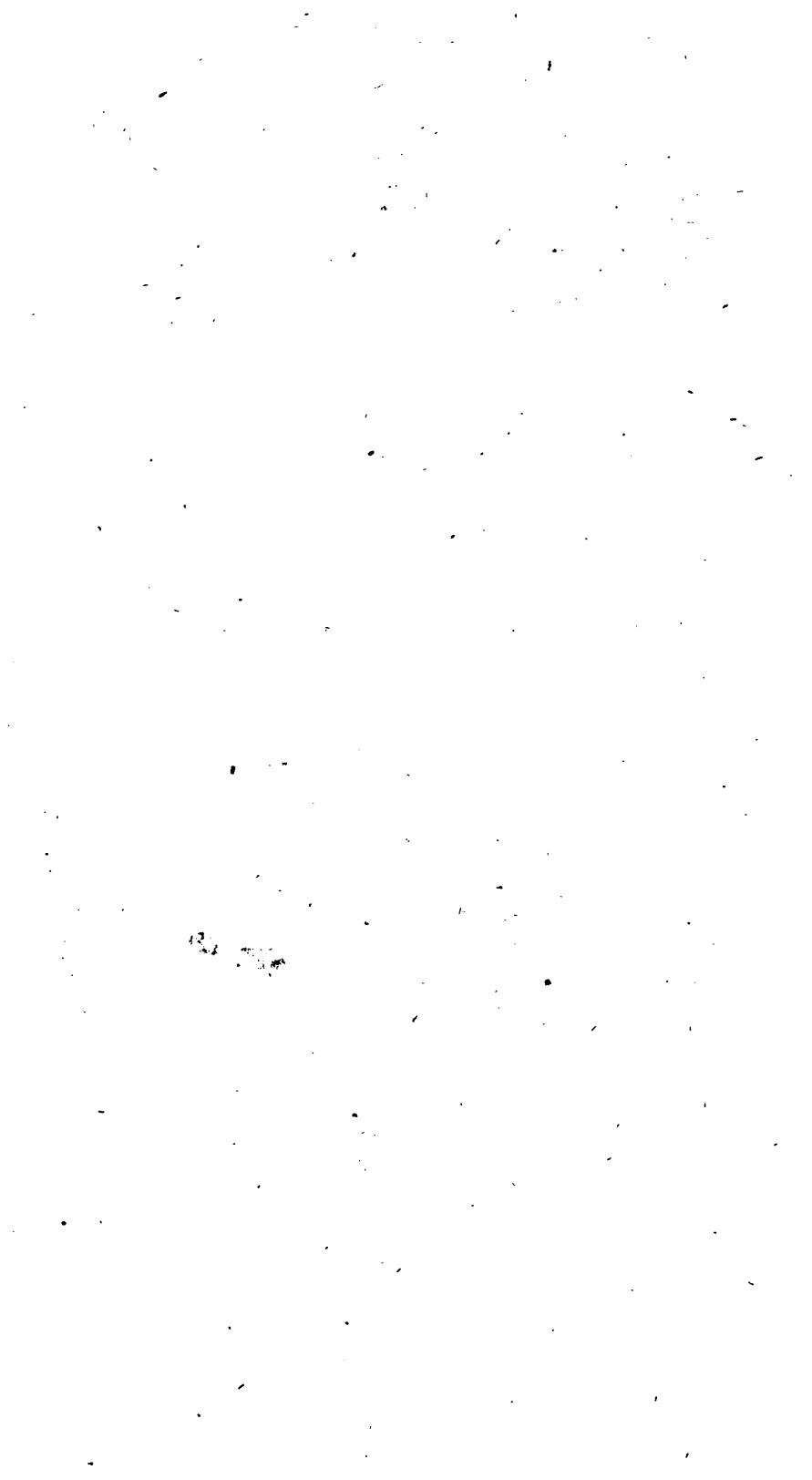
Isle of Wight

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*T O U R*  
*of the*  
**ISLE of WIGHT**

*The Drawings taken & engraved in Aquatinta*

*By J. HASSELL.*

*"I wish I had been with you to see the Isle of Wight."*

Vol. II.

Johns



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O F

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE DRAWINGS TAKEN AND ENGRAVED

BY J. HASSELL.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

*THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOLUME THE SECOND.

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*I wish I had been with you to see the Isle of Wight.* JOHNSON.

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# T O U R O F THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

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## SECTION XIV.

**A** LITTLE farther on we came to that beautiful spot, the cottage of St. Boniface; the summer residence of colonel Hill. This building, which is chiefly of brick, is neat and plain; and the grounds round it, though not large, are well laid out.

To those who delight in the pleasures of retirement, and can relish the social enjoyments of a few friends, and a small family, I know not where to point out a place better adapted to such purposes than the cottage of St. Boniface. It is so retired, that it might almost be stiled a hermitage; and at the



same time it boasts of all that Nature can bestow.—Vegetation thrives here with the utmost luxuriance.—The downs at its back, shelter it from the north; and the stunted branches of some scattered oaks and sucklings, shade it from the south.

There are few places of antiquity but what have some extraordinary stories told of them. Among those circulated in this neighbourhood, is the following.—A gentleman mistaking his road during a heavy snow, and descending, in consequence of it, the steep down of St. Boniface, on horseback, he was so affected by the danger he was in, that he vowed if ever he reached the bottom of the hill in safety, he would, as a memento of the kindness of Providence, purchase the land, and present it to the church of Shanklin: And we were informed by Mr. Hewson, the present incumbent, that a small parcel of land, of about an acre, was given to the living, as supposed in consequence of that vow.

It is truly laughable to see the manner  
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Here the downs of Bonchurch begin ; and they skirt the heights for a considerable distance. Very few cattle are kept upon the adjacent farms ; scarcely ever more than are sufficient for their own use. The reason given for this by the farmers, is the want of hay to fodder them with during the winter. But that want, in my opinion, might easily be remedied, if proper attention were paid to this part of agriculture.

The downs of Bonchurch now swept to the left, and presented a new scene to us. Dunnose point was the first head land towards the sea, on our right. The downs of Shanklin joined those of Bonchurch to the left, and formed a perfect amphitheatre.

The chine of Luccombe, or, as the country people call it, Bowlhoop, was the next place we visited. Sweeping round the brow of the downs, we entered the valley near Luccombe farm, and made our way to the chine.

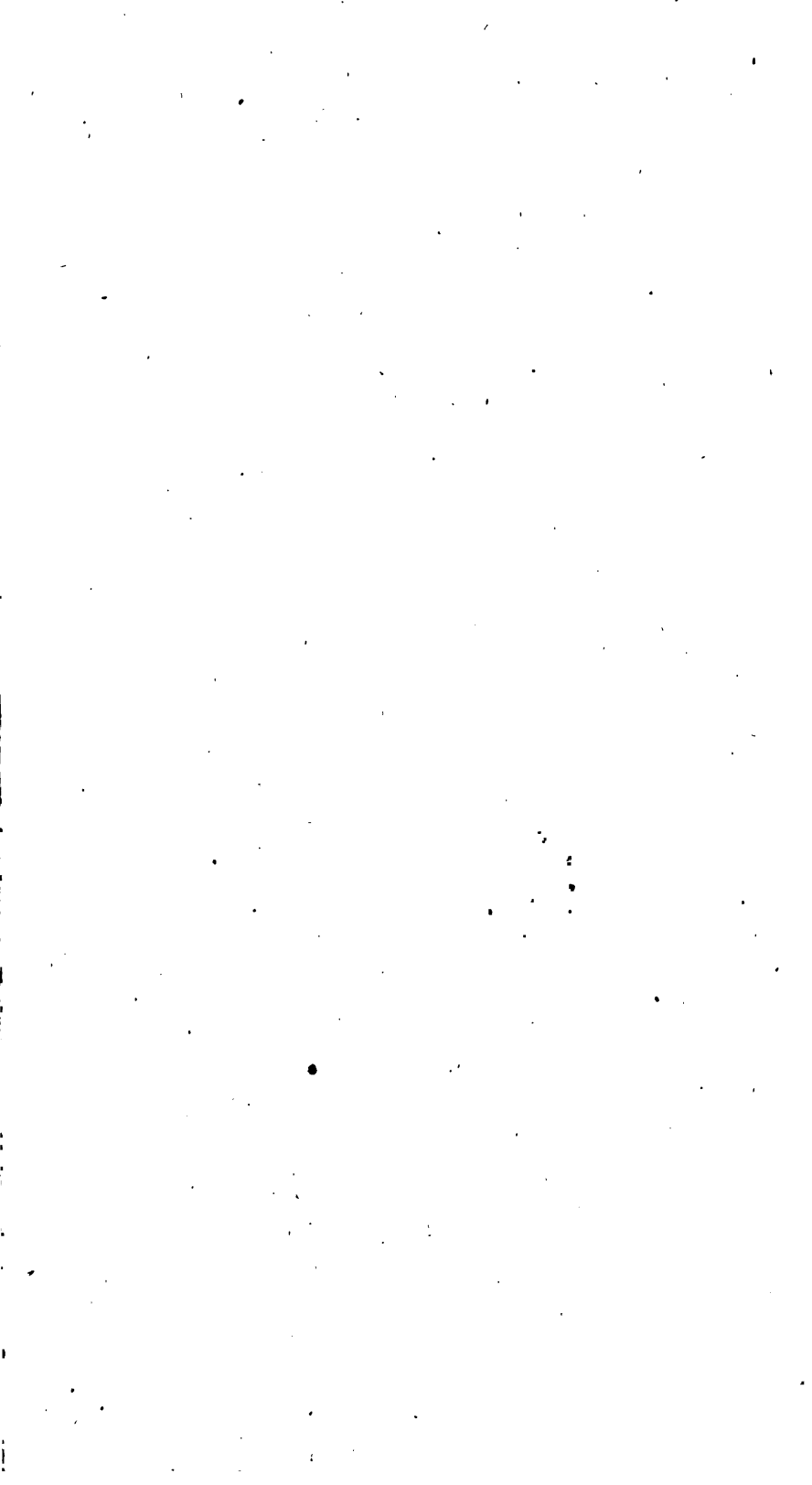
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This cavity is by no means so deep or terrific as Black-gang chine, being variegated with shrubs and trees. It is indeed rather too much so, as they prevent you from viewing a water-fall which meanders from several springs in the dale. The descent of the chine to the sea is very steep, and in a wet season impassible. On the top of it stands a cottage, sequestered in a small wood. A small wooden bridge crosses the chine to it, underneath which the rippling water has a pleasing effect.

A great quantity of copperas appears to be impregnated with the earth, by the green colours that lie intermixed on its surface. And on the shore are likewise quantities of iron ore, which has been tried, but the quality found not equal to the expence that would attend working it.

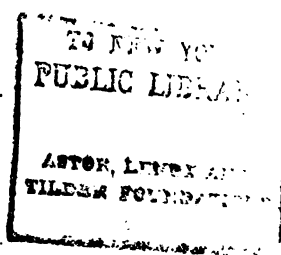
The cliffs of these parts, and round about Dunnose, consist of black and brown clay, hurtful to the sight, and hapless to the seamen. The principal use made of this chine, is said to be that of a receptacle for smug-

gled goods ; many hundred casks of which are sometimes secreted in its cavities, and there securely concealed. But, through the attention of the revenue officers, this has of late been in a great measure put a stop to.

Re-ascending this chine, we pursued the track that led to Luccombe farm, the appearance of which from the valley is by no means despicable. The vale is surrounded by the downs before mentioned, and well wooded.—The summits of the downs, when the clouds are low, and roll on their surface, produce a charming effect ; and at the same time leave the mind in a state of doubt as to their real altitude.—This induced me to take the annexed view.

The evening scenes here are never equally pleasing to those of the morning ; which may be attributed to the soft effects of the sun being lost, through the interference of the mountains, long before its decline.

We enjoyed this view with every advantage a fine evening could produce.—The farm house was pleasantly encircled with  
wood,











wood, and just presented a sufficiency for the subject;—a broken stone wall, with shrubs, having taken off the lower parts from the eye;—while the smoke issuing from the chimney of the house glanced the wood, and soaring up the hills, blended at last with the clouds which hovered on the mountain's brow. On our left the rocks had a pleasing effect, and closed the view on that side.

We now made for the downs of Shanklin, which are before said to have miraculously increased in their height, and where every satisfaction might be received, as to views, that the island can possibly bestow.

Our first sight, taken from Smerdon beacon, was Appuldurcombe, that seat of Sir Richard Worsley, which lies at the bottom of his park. The woods at its back, from this point of sight, are apparently very thin of trees; but the house, though a bird's-eye view, is pleasant; as also is the artificial castle, known by the name of Cook's Castle, which stands opposite to it. The

downs of Bonchurch and St. Boniface range down to the park, and form a circular recess.

The principal objects in the valley are Wroxall farms, which in some measure alleviate the dreariness of the hills. Rather more to the north, the valley opens, and presents Godshill ;—and traversing your eye still more towards the north, it expands itself, and at once displays the chief part of the island. This most luxuriant dale extends entirely from Appuldurcombe to the mouth of Cowes road, after passing between Carisbrook and Arreton hills,

Here the downs of the latter reared their heads to close the eastern valley.—They range almost to Brading, where declining their regular lines, they introduce the creek of Fishborne and Brading harbour to the right ; while Foreland point appears the extremity to the east.

The eye still roving, Culver cliffs drop their heights towards the bay of Sandown ;  
where

where the valley again begins, and leads to the centre of the island ; and there turning round the hills between Godshill and Black Down, it enters the vale of Brixton. The Needles to the west form the other extremity.

From the extensiveness of these views, notwithstanding we were now convinced that the hill of St. Catherine's is the highest land, we are of opinion that this is the better spot for taking a general view of the island. The channel of the Solent is perfectly visible from it, and there is likewise a clear view of Southampton ; whereas these from St. Catherine's were intercepted by Black down. Spithead, and all the coast of Suffex, are likewise clearly and distinctly seen from hence.

The evening advancing, the clouds began to gather round the whole island, though scarcely a breath of air was perceptible. Not an evening passed while we were in this part of it but we observed the same extraordinary appearance in the atmosphere  
to

to take place. Just where the sun had set, a small gleam of red was visible; in every other part a gloom appeared that almost seemed to threaten a general dissolution. A heavy black vaporous body dragged itself lingeringly from the east; while a confused misty cloud, that hung over the southern hills, seemed but to delay its fury till the other was ripe to assist it in convulsing the earth.

Struck with a phenomenon which we had observed constantly to attend the closing in of the evening, we waited some time near the Beacon, to see the event of it; when suddenly the clouds became rent into a thousand fragments, all of which hastily dispersing, sunk below the horizon. From what cause so extraordinary a circumstance proceeded, I will not pretend to say: leaving the solution to abler meteorologists, I shall content myself with the foregoing representation of what repeatedly caught our attention during the month of September, but which, from its frequency and harmlessness, might not have been thought worthy of notice by the people of the island.

Crossing

Crossing the downs, we now entered the road to Shanklin. As you approach this village, its vicinity is finely diversified with wood and common; and the woods are particularly well stocked with wild pigeons, whose plaintive notes on a summer's evening lull the mind into a pleasing melancholy. The shyness of these birds renders it very difficult to shoot them.

On this tract of common, a few oaks, irregularly supporting each other, shelter a spring that falls into the beginning of Shanklin chine; which is every where, till it reaches its main body, shaded by ashes and elms, whose pleasing irregularity forms many charming groups. It passes through a small artificial arch, made of stone, and forms a cascade; but as its channel here does not exceed three feet, and is very shallow, it is but when the rains are violent that it deserves the name of a cascade.

The first part of the village of Shanklin, as you enter it by the way we did, contains the church, which is situated in the middle  
of

of Mr. Jolliffe's farm-yard, generally called Shanklin farm, from its being the largest in the parish.

Too many are the beauties of this place to be described in the space we can allot for it.—The village is lost to the sight, in a perfect wilderness.—The ash trees, by which it is surrounded, are equal in beauty to any in England; they dart their stately branches to the highest pitch that constitutes grandeur, and line the chine from its beginning to the principal cascade. In the course of the rivulet before mentioned, several small springs join it; when it precipitately rushes on to the end of the ash grove, where, in one body, it enters a chasm cleft in the earth, and now forms the best cascade we had as yet seen.

The village of Shanklin affords every gratification a liberal mind can wish for. Few places can boast of greater happiness. Its inhabitants are like one large family: ill nature is not known among them.—Obliging in the extreme, they appear to be  
the

the happiest when their visitants are best pleased.

Was there a possibility of procuring a bathing machine at this place, there is no doubt but the well-known hospitality to be found at the house of Mrs. Williams, would attract numbers to partake of the pleasures of this heavenly spot. Under her peaceful roof the traveller may be accommodated with every convenience a village can afford ; and even luxury itself might find its cravings gratified.

The only alloy to their happiness the inhabitants are sensible of, is the uncertainty of the tenure of that happiness. Doubtful of ever reaping the fruits of their industry, they meet with little encouragement to render their lands as productive as they might be made ; the leases by which they are held being only granted for three lives, unrenovable ; when these are extinct, they devolve to the original landlord. And in the same manner is the spirit of industry damped in all this part of the Isle of Wight.

The



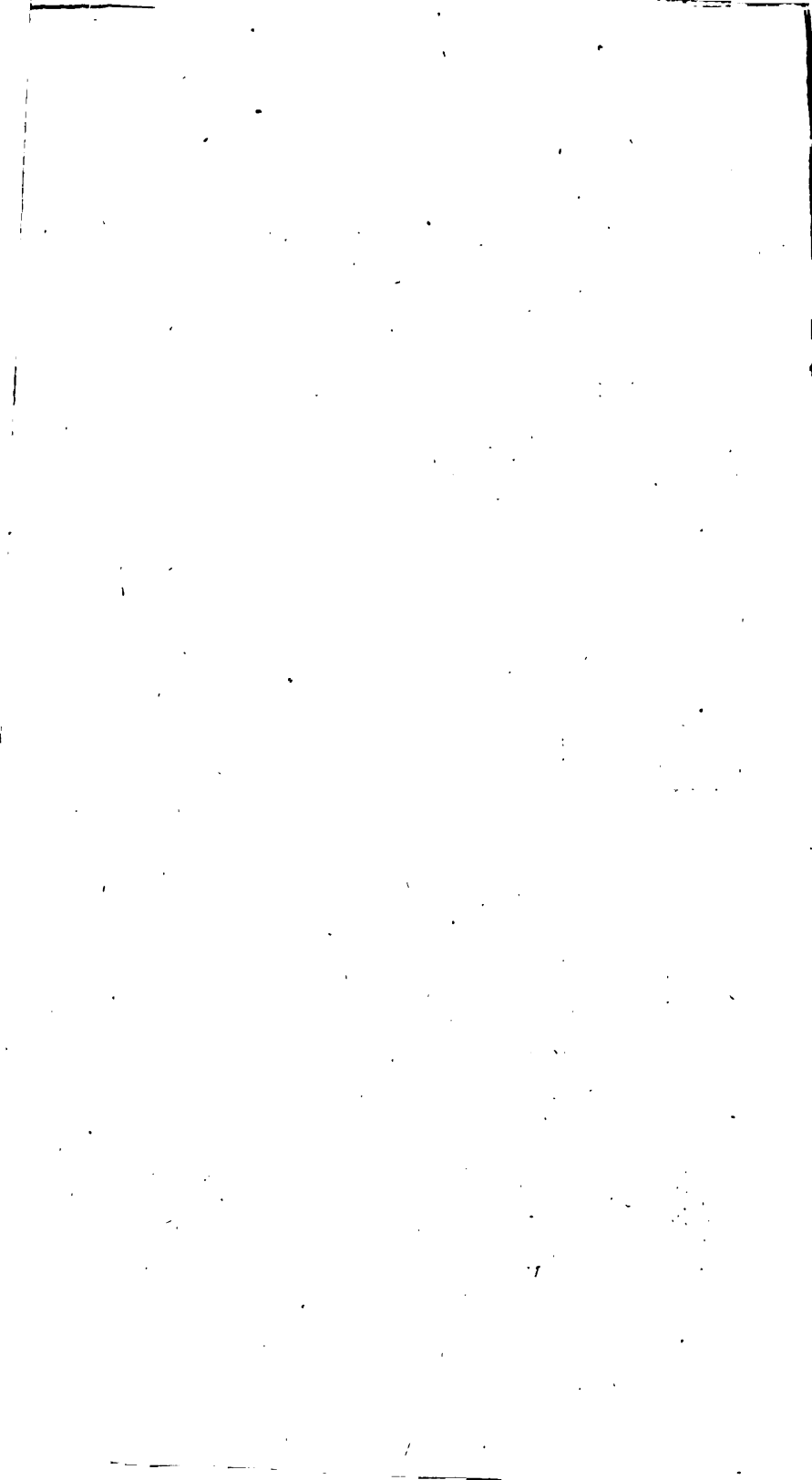
The chine being the principal object here that attracts the notice of travellers, I took the annexed faint sketch of it during a very heavy rain.—The mouth of it, towards the sea, appears to have been rent by some sudden eruption of over-loaded Nature; and the effects of this concussion extend for full a quarter of a mile, in a line to the village, where its progress was probably stopped by the solidity of the rock.

A flight of steps has been made in the chine for the convenience of the inhabitants, in order that they might ascend and descend with the greater ease. A gentleman of the island, in a tour round it, has asserted, (believing, or being betrayed by the country people into the belief of it,) that these were not artificial steps, but occasioned by the eruption. They would have imposed the same deception on us; but when they saw that we treated the idea with ridicule, they candidly acknowledged that it was their custom to endeavour to deceive strangers in this point. On a small level, half way down towards the sea, stands  
a fisher-

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a filherman's hut, which has the charm of relieving the most rugged appearance of the cliffs.

Mr. Fitzmaurice, who once resided here, we understood, was at the expence of making a road to the waterfall ; but from the water that ravages the bottom of the chine, and the violence of the wind in the winter, it soon became impassable.

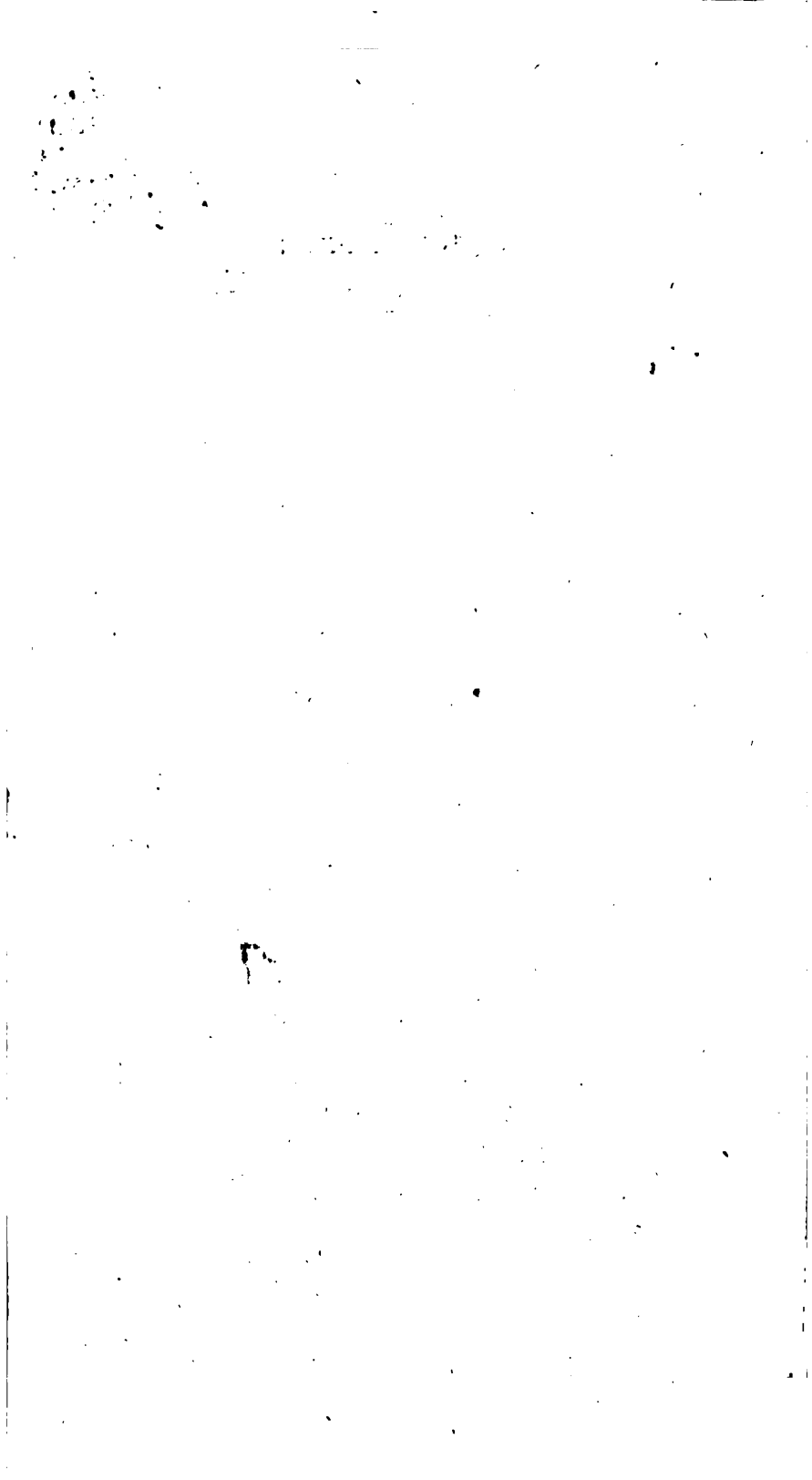
The bottom still continues firm, and we ventured as far as the cascade. Many clumps of earth, which have fallen from the promontories that form its declivities, obstruct the passage. We found it to be well covered with plants and shrubs, that negligently break the career of the stream.

The chine has four turns before it reaches the waterfall, all of which bear a proportionable degree of that sublime awfulness such a scene naturally inspires. When we had reached its extremest limits, the fall exhibited more grandeur, and cleared itself of the precipice with greater boldness  
and

and majesty, than we had ever seen in any before. A few shrubs hang on its sides, and sip the spray arising from the agitated foam, the sprinklings of which produce that vernal mossy bloom that so often contrasts the other vegetation, and doubles its wonted splendour.

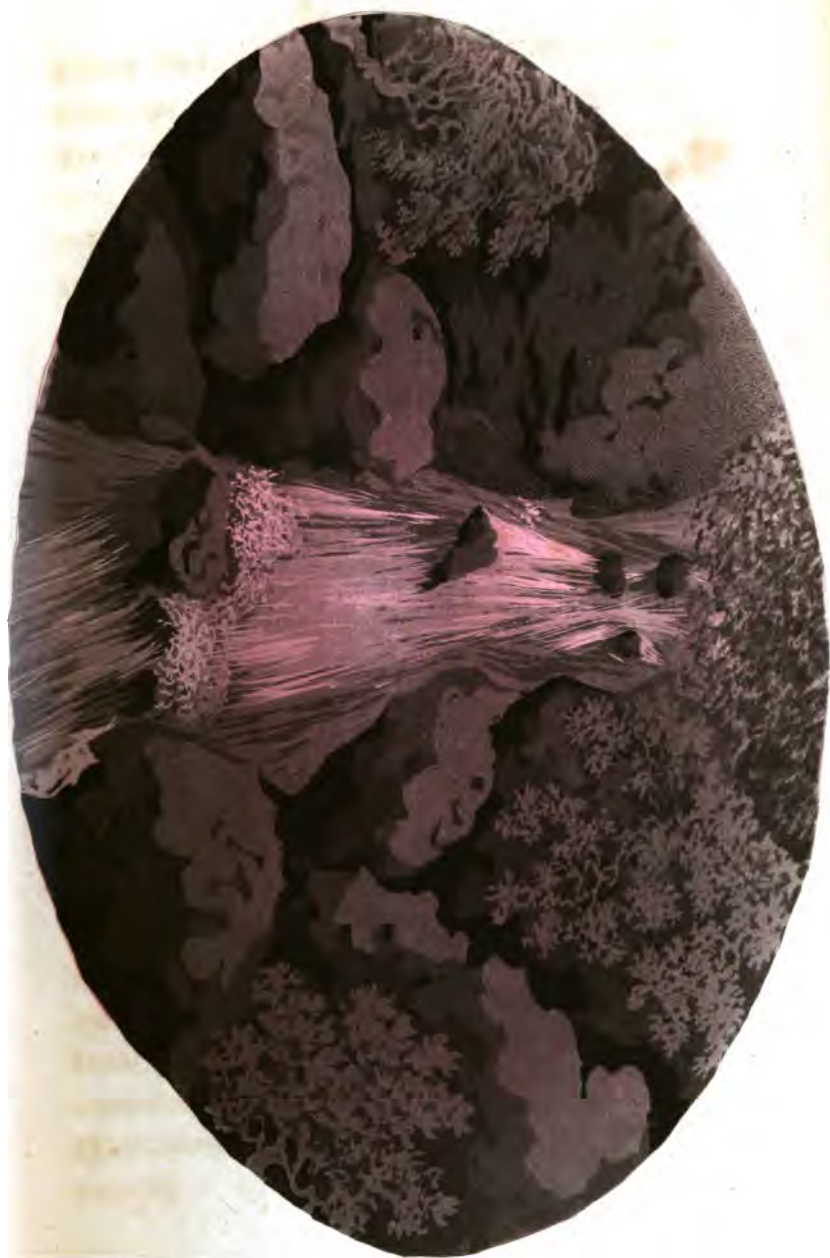
It scarcely admits of a doubt, but that Shanklin chine, like the others, is a rent in the rock, occasioned by that internal combustible matter which reduced the whole of them to their present state. Its sides are strongly impregnated with iron, copperas, and sulphur. About one-third of the way from its head there is a chalybeate spring, with an unusual scum on its surface, and a sediment of iron in its channel.

While here, we were convinced, from ocular demonstration, of the effect the rain has on this stream. At such times the body of water is very considerably increased, and the waterfall so swells, as to become an object worthy the notice of the curious. It  
pours









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pours down through all the foregoing channel, and rushes with violence into the sea.

The beach here has a fine sandy bottom, entirely free from rocks or stones ; which renders it a very desirable place for bathing. To the right, a well-known hill, called Horse Lodge, projects into the sea, and forms the southern extremity of Sandown bay, binding behind it the point of Dunnofe. On the left it is bounded by Culver cliffs, and affords a fine recess for small vessels during a gale of wind.

The spots most distinguishable from the chine are Sandown fort, and the seat of Mr. Wilkes. The situation of the latter appears from hence to be extremely pleasant, and to command very extensive views.

Returning from the chine to the village of Shanklin, a space of about half a mile, through corn fields, we had another view of that place ; but, as before observed, there is little of it to be seen ; the sight being ob-

structed by the lofty trees which surround it. The down behind it, whose sides are well wooded, terminate the view.

To add to the beauty of this spot, an uncommon number of singing birds, of various sorts, haunt the sequestered vale, and, by their sweet notes, give a cheerfulness to every returning morn. I must not omit to mention one circumstance which redounds to the honour of the inhabitants of Shanklin.—So sensible are they of the value of liberty, that, during my stay here, I did not observe a bird to be immured in a cage throughout the whole place.

Ungrateful must be those who, enjoying freedom themselves, and sensible of the value of it, shall refuse it to the sweet choristers, whose carols afford them so much pleasure. Ask the captive, that, naked and forlorn, lingers out a miserable existence in a loathsome cell, the gnawing fetters rending his flesh, and hunger wearing him to the bone ; and he will tell you, that freedom is the gift of Nature to all her children, without exception ;

ception ; and inhuman must be those who deprive even the feathered race of that right. Or, as Thomson much better describes the inhumanity of confining birds in cages ;

- “ Be not the muse ashamed here to bemoan  
 “ Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man  
 “ Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage  
 “ From liberty confin’d, and boundless air.  
 “ Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,  
 “ Ragged, and all its bright’ning lustre lost ;  
 “ Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,  
 “ Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech,  
 “ O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,  
 “ Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear ;  
 “ If on your bosom innocence can win,  
 “ Music engage, or piety persuade.”

THOMSON’S SEASONS.

When we had returned to our place of residence for the night, a scene presented itself that, had it fallen under the inspection of Mr. Wright, would have received ample justice from the masterly touches of his pencil.

A parcel of countrymen, who had just returned from the harvest field, had fought  
 C 2 the

the shelter of a shady retreat on the green plot which stands before the house, in order to wipe the sweat of industry from their honest brows, and to regale themselves after the fatigues of a sultry day. In all that carelessness peculiar to these people, they had happily grouped themselves, and in such a position that the light of a glimmering taper shone full on their faces, and produced a fine effect.

At the same time, near the extremity of the branches that sheltered the rustics, the moon, darting her silver beams on part of the house, and playing on the boughs of the trees, gently glided away to the sea, and caught every returning wave as it rose. On the left, the cliffs of Culver were plainly discernable through the trees, and seemed to have combined their charms to heighten the scene, and delight the imagination. For near an hour not a single cloud obstructed this pleasing light, but every instant added fresh beauties to the landscape.

SECTION

## SECTION XV.

**L**EAVING Shanklin, we passed the village of Lake, and made for the seat of John Wilkes, Esq. This villa, though not large, has every requisite to make it a desirable abode. The house is rather low ; it is however extensive, having had many improvements made to it by its present proprietor ; whose judgment and taste in all the elegancies of life are well known. It stands on an eminence, and commands the whole prospect of Sandown Bay.

The greatest deficiency observable here is the want of wood ; that would give it a preference to most other parts of the island. But the trees around Mr. Wilkes's mansion do not thrive to his wishes.

The inside of the house is plain, but elegantly fitted up, and abounding with every convenience that can tend to the accommodation of a family. On the right side of it a marquée is erected, which serves for a



summer house, and, for taste, is equal to any thing of the kind we had ever seen. Several curious engravings from the antique, grace its sides; and we saw several others lying on the tables; but the latter were not so well executed as those hung up. At the farther end of the marquée, over a specimen of conjugal felicity in basso relievo, is the following inscription, engraved on a marble tablet:

To filial Piety  
and  
Mary Wilkes.  
Erected by  
John Wilkes,  
1789.

The gardens are well laid out, and compensate in a great measure for the want of wood; and the young shrubberies now around it bid fair to supply that loss, and to complete the beauty of this desirable spot.

Few of the gentlemen who resort to this island on summer excursions but what must  
remark

remark the wonderful contrasts of it; and I must again observe, that were a stranger to be taken from Allum Bay, or Under Cliff, and placed here, he would imagine he was got into a different country.

Between this place and Shanklin, within the last twenty years, the sea has intruded full thirty feet on the land. The broken ground throughout the whole of the way from Small Hopes to Shanklin chine, is a sufficient proof of the truth of this observation.

Our next destination was to Sandown fort. This fort commands the bay from which it takes its name. It is a low square building, flanked by four bastions, and encompassed by a ditch. The lowness of it secures it against any attacks by sea, as the shots from the ships pass over it. During the last war several privateers entered the bay, and attempted to destroy it, but were not able to succeed in the attempt; beating down a few chimnies was the height of their achievements. It was repaired, not many

years ago, at a considerable expence ; and there are several master-gunners, with a small garrison in it; so that this part of the coast is defended by it, during a war, from the attacks of an enemy.

From Sandown we made for Yaverland ; a small village situated at the foot of Brading downs. In our way we coasted the cliffs of Culver, the inhabitants of which are chiefly gulls and pigeons. From the latter it receives its name, *culpe* being the Saxon word for a pigeon. Formerly this kind of birds were more numerous on these rocks than any other species, but they are of late much decreased ; many of them however still remain.

Looking back, we had now an advantageous view of the downs we had crossed the preceding day.—Appuldercombe house was perfectly discernible, as was also the view from it of Brading harbour ; which few would have imagined. The valley opened between the downs of Brading and Yaverland, and presented the harbour  
of

of the former, with the road of St. Helen's. The spot of wood called Queen-bower, was very conspicuous to the sight ; while the extremity of the vale apparently closed at Black Down and Gatecombe hills.

Pursuing our way still by the sea side, we came to the Foreland, the easternmost point of the island. From thence we met with nothing of novelty till we reached Bimbridge point, where the entrance of Brading haven commences. The adjacent land is well wooded, and very agreeable to the view.

The haven consists of an extensive tract of marsh land, amounting to upwards of eight hundred acres. It is covered every tide by the sea, which flows through a narrow passage. Many attempts have been made to procure a constant entrance into this haven for ships of burden, but without success ; the sand being driven in as fast as it is cleared away. From this circumstance, one of the securest and most extensive harbours in the channel, wherein the ships at Spithead and St. Helen's might find a ready retreat,

retreat, in case of necessity, is unfortunately rendered useless.

We now traversed the banks of the harbour, and skirted its borders, as near as the road would allow. From its woody banks and cheerful aspect the transparent water receives every pleasing impression they can possibly bestow. Two houses, genteel in their appearance, lay to our right; while Nunwell, the seat of the ancient family of Sir William Oglander, faces the harbour.

From hence we still kept to the left, wishing to have a perfect view of the marshes of Brading, as well as those of Sandown. From the latter the island receives every advantage such a tract of land can yield, the greatest part of it being appropriated to the cultivation of corn. It is well watered, and a small river runs through it, that keeps it in a continual state of verdure. A great number of cattle are grazed upon it; Nature having happily

happily furnished this blessed spot with a profusion of the sweetest herbage.

The valley leads down to Newchurch ; a place we intend to visit before we leave this island, but shall not be able to include it in the Tour we are now on, round the coasts. On our right-hand the opposite shores of the lake were no contemptible object, clad as they were in Autumn's gayest vest. The water infringing on this side as well as on the other, we had all its diversified effects. This vale furnishes pasture for a considerable number of cattle, but not proportionable to that of Sandown.

Once more entering the road, we pursued our way to Brading, with a design to course the shores of the opposite side of the harbour. Brading, though one of the largest towns in the island, has not a single object about it to render it the subject of particular attention. It is merely a town, without any of that diversity most others have. Even its church is obliterated by the ill-judged carefulness of the worthy overseers ; and what  
once

once might have invited, now disgusts the fight.

Meeting with nothing to detain us in the town, we passed through it, and pursued the right-hand road, in order to track the boundaries of its lake on the side, of which we had had a view in the morning; and having travelled about half a mile towards the north, we struck away to St. Helen's.

The southern shores of the harbour are far pleasanter to view than its northern. Breaks between the mountains introduce the main valley of the island, with a distinct view of Sir Richard Worsley's seat, and the hill of St. Catherine's. The vale before mentioned extending from Appuldurcombe house, had greater beauties than in any point of view we had hitherto seen it. The trees fell charmingly into each other, and formed small coppices; while the downs, which surrounded it, rose with more than common grandeur.

The bay of Brading takes several fine sweeps,

sweeps, and most pleasantly contrasts the scenes.—Many woody promontories run into the harbour, and gives grace to its boundaries.—The road to St. Helen's is on both sides lined with trees, which renders it delightful.—We found much greater appearance of nobleness here, in every path we pursued, than the opposite vallies had to boast.—To our left the country was chiefly wood.—The road to Ride, throughout the whole way, was covered with oaks, which, as they were just assuming the autumnal colouring, shone with unspeakable splendor.

The village of St. Helen's consists of a few scattered huts, constructed chiefly of stone, and thatched. It is not improbable, from some ancient accounts, but that it was formerly of much greater consequence than it is at present. There is a large farm in the parish still called the Priory, it having been a cell to an abbey of Cluniac monks in Normandy. The old church was situated so near the sea that it was endangered by its incroachments, upon which account a brief was obtained by the inhabitants for erecting  
a new



a new one, about the beginning of the present century.

There are several quarries near this village, from which the materials are procured wherewith all the buildings for the lower ranks, in this quarter of the island, are constructed.

The air is remarkably healthy and clear; and what is no less observable, pleasure and tranquillity seem to brighten every countenance. From what source it proceeds I will not pretend to say, but the inhabitants of this island appear to possess a fund of cheerfulness and good-humour, that is not so conspicuous in any other part of his majesty's dominions.

The farmers in general are a social, hospitable, and worthy set of people; and many of them by their industry and attention, have acquired very considerable fortunes. If there be any degradation to their character, it is that of moistening their clay with too copious draughts of potent liquors. This propensity

propensity however is not partial, but predominates throughout the whole island; and it might be urged in extenuation of it, that the nature of their soil, and the intense heat of their summers, allow of a greater excess in this point than many parts of England. It is a foible that commences with their earliest years, and "growing with their growth," few of the farmers on the mother island, seasoned as most of them are, would be able to cope with those of the Isle of Wight.

The convenience of St. Helen's is well known to all outward-bound ships passing through the channel, as most of them take in here their live stock for sea; poultry being extremely cheap, and all other provisions proportionably so.

Through the efficacy of a bill procured by the gentlemen of the island for securing the farmers from the depredations of foxes, badgers, polecats, and other noxious animals, the island is kept very free from them. Even to let one of them loose is an offence punishable

punishable with transportation; for were they once to take root in the island, from the number of coverts in the cliffs, &c. it would be nearly impossible to extirpate them.

While we were there, we were informed that a fox, which had been reared from a cub by a gentleman near Newchurch, broke his chain, and made his escape to the cliffs of Shanklin; where, as usual, he lay concealed in the day time, and committed his depredations during the night. At length being luckily detected in carrying off some poultry from Shanklin farm, he was shot; and this is the only instance of any mischief being done by these animals for a great number of years;—I believe within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

At the bottom of the hill of St. Helen's a land mark is placed as a guide to mariners; from which Dover Point binds the entrance to the harbour of Brading. This point is near half a mile from the foot of the hill where the village of St. Helen's stands, and  
is

is covered chiefly with sand and furze. This is the point that choaks the harbour, and obstructs the entrance of ships of burden.

From this view the harbour appears like a lake.—The land closes it from hence on all sides; and makes an excellent study.—The woody screens of St. Helen's run all the way along its banks to Brading, where it is joined by those that incircle the town.—Nunwell woods blend in the back-ground with those of Brading, and freshen the scene.—The valley still continues open, and permits St. Catherine's to form a part of the distance.—On the left the water takes large sweeps round the point of land which falls into its basin.—The downs of Bimbridge range along the shores, and form the side-screen.

Outward-bound ships not only take in their poultry, &c. here, but likewise their water; which is found to be preferable to that of most other parts. East Indiamen have been known to carry it to their destined ports, and bring some of it back, in as

sweet a state as when taken from the spring. And it has this further advantage, that when at sea, it recovers itself sooner than any other.

Nettlestone Priory, which lies about a mile and a half from St. Helen's, became the next object of our visits. We had entertained hopes of finding something out of the common line, in a place that might be supposed to bear the venerable remains of antiquity; and indeed the entrance to it quite transported us;—a grove of nodding elms towered over the avenue;—but we were not a little surprised to find these expectations soon disappointed. The farm mentioned before (to which it is now converted) has not in its appearance the least trace of its having been the abode of a holy brotherhood. Neither antiquity nor beauty was to be seen about it.—Nothing more than a dirty farm-yard presented itself.

Passing through this, we entered the garden of Sir Nash Grose.—The old mansion, which still retains the name of the priory,

priory, is plain and neat, but small. An additional house has lately been begun by that gentleman, and bids fair to prove a very desirable residence.—The prospects from this spot, of the sea, together with the coasts of Suffex and Hampshire, are very extensive, and give it the preference in point of situation, to many in the island.

Near the priory several salt-works are established, which for convenience exceed the general run of these works.

## SECTION XVI.

**F**ROM hence we returned through Nettlestone village, and proceeded towards Ride. The road we now passed through is in excellent repair, and the country exhibits a very different aspect to what it had hitherto done.—Woods, abounding with oaks, encircle the roads and villages.—These oaks, however, are not possessed of the grandeur of those produced in the New Forest. Formerly the Isle of Wight was chiefly covered with wood ; but, from its contiguous situation to the dock-yards at Portsmouth, the southern vallies have been considerably dismembered of it.

The soil changes here again, and consists of mould, sand, and gravel. Several grass farms lie near the road, and clothe the vallies with pleasanter tints than we had passed.

On our right lay St. John's, late the seat of Lord Amherst, but now of Mr. Lake.  
The

The house stands on a rising ground, and commands very extensive views. The woody scenes of Ride lie before it, with the sea at its back front. The building is plain, but very neat, and displays great taste ; it besides possesses every requisite to make it a complete and commodious mansion. The grounds belonging to it, though not extensive, are well stocked.

From its situation, it becomes a very desirable sporting lodge ; the woods around it affording shelter to a great number of hares and pheasants ; and as care is taken to secure them from the depredations of poachers, there is seldom any want of sport. The woods likewise abounding with springs, woodcocks and snipes are also found here in plenty.

The road proceeds from hence to Ride.—The principal part of this place is termed Upper Ride, which lies on the top of the hill, in a clear pleasant air. It is a plain and neat village, and has several well-built houses in it. A great deal of company re-



fort to it during the bathing season, the accommodations being nearly equal to those at Cowes ; but the principal reason for preferring this to the other watering places, is the many fine rides which strike out from it ; and, in general, the roads are rather better than in many parts of the island.

Lower Ride is a straggling place, and has a nearer resemblance to the subjects Vangoen studied, than to those of any other master. Several small vessels are built here ; and the inhabitants are mostly fishermen, and mariners employed in the coasting trade.

The passage from hence to Portsmouth is the nearest from any part of the island.—It is thought to be rather more than seven miles across ; but the boatmen say not quite so much. Boats pass regularly every morning, at seven o'clock in the summer, and nine in the winter, from hence to Gosport and Portsmouth, to the great convenience of those places ; the inhabitants being chiefly supplied with their butter, eggs, and poultry,

poultry, from hence, and other parts of the island.

Towards the western extremity of the village are the bathing houses, whose situation is preferable to any on the opposite shores, both on account of the pureness of the water, and the conveniences. The coast off this place is shoal for almost a mile; so that ships of burden are prevented from lying near. Every accommodation necessary for parties, during the bathing time, is to be procured at Ride; and the pleasantness of its situation, and its rides, exclusive of these accompaniments, are great inducements for strangers to visit it.

On the road from Ride to Bimstead delightful scenes frequently present themselves. Before we entered the village, a fine piece of broken ground opened, and gave us the best view of Spithead we had as yet seen. On both sides, the oak and the ash formed beautiful screens, leaving a space just sufficient for the water and distance to make a grand appearance.

Many old stumps of trees lay scattered near the road, that, with a team of horses, formed a fine group.—The horses belonged to a farmer, who was loading felled timber on one of those picturesque long carriages, just suited to the romantic appearance of the fore-ground ; and which produced as complete a composition as could be desired for such a scene.—A well-known favourite subject of the late Mr. Gainsborough.

Passing Bimstead, we entered the woods that encircle Quarr Abbey.—Their nobleness is grateful to the eye, and gives the mind a finer idea of a true sketch of Nature than those we had passed when we left Nettlestone Priory.—All was regularly irregular ; and they played off every charm to the greatest advantage, over a brook, whose rapid stream murmured against the pointed surface of the stones ; while the boughs kindly condescended to shade its cool retreat.

Hitherto we had never met with trees on this island in so thriving a condition as those

those which now sheltered us. An immense number of wood pigeons inhabit these solitary walks, whose melancholy notes, added to the still silence that reigned throughout the grove, inspired us with a sacred awe.—All was hushed ;—not a leaf was ruffled by the passing breeze.—At length we reached the abbey ;

“ Where pious beadsmen, from the world retired,  
 “ In blissful visions winged their souls to Heaven ;  
 “ While future joys their sober transports fir’d,  
 “ They wept their erring days, and were forgiv’n.

“ Where burn the gorgeous altars lasting fires ?  
 “ Where frowns the dreadful sanctuary now ?  
 “ No more Religion’s awful flame aspires !  
 “ No more th’ asylum guards the fated brow !

“ No more shall Charity, with sparkling eyes  
 “ And smiles of welcome, wide unfold the door,  
 “ Where Pity, list’ning still to Nature’s cries,  
 “ Befriends the wretched, and relieves the poor !”

KEATE.

This celebrated abbey was founded in the reign of Henry the First, by Baldwin Earl of Devon, and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The monks by which it was inhabited were removed from Savigny,  
 in

in Normandy, and were among the first of the Cistercian order that came into England. It probably received its name of Quarr, or, as it is called in some of the old grants, Quarraria, from the stone quarries that are in its neighbourhood.

It was anciently encircled by a wall, near a mile in circumference, the vestiges of which still remain. At its back nods a venerable grove that gives solemnity to the scene ; and from it there is an opening to the sea, which furnished the holy fathers with an opportunity of contemplating the wonders of the deep.

The greatest part of this ancient building is demolished ; a few of the walls only still remain. The architecture, as far as can be now judged of, was a mixture of Saxon and Gothic. The church or chapel of the monastery may yet be traced at the east end ; and some vaulted cellars are discernible at the west end. Of the walls that are standing, some are converted into barns, by being covered

covered with thatch, and others degraded into sties and stables.

The farm-house adjoining to it is a modern building, and tends much to diminish the venerableness of the ruder vestiges, which Time has brought to a stage beyond perfection. A few years ago a great deal more of the abbey was in existence; but now not an interesting view of it can be taken.

All its former grandeur lies a wreck to Time; and from the dirt strewed around by its different possessors, the principal part of the building is embowelled in the earth, and overgrown with moss and rugged fern. Its distance from the sea is very inconsiderable; and there is still remaining, just above high-water mark, some appearance of a fort, which was built for its defence in the time of king Edward the Third.

We could not leave the poor remains of this once grand and venerable pile, without sighing at the depredations of Time, and lamenting

menting the havock it has made on these abodes of Piety and Peace.

Proceeding through the other avenue, we bent our course towards Wootton bridge. The road from the abbey was finely wooded with oaks, and contributed to keep alive the gloomy ideas that had taken possession of our minds. This cover continued for some time; but when an opening took place, the choicest variety of tints diffused themselves round the tops of the trees, that can be imagined. The leaves of the oaks had just become rubid, and mingling with those that had fallen from the ash, which were nearly yellow, produced a fine and glowing colour.

The branches of most of the oaks that were arrived at maturity, were disrobed of their leaves, on a few of their boughs. This, at some times, produces a beautiful effect; at others it is disgusting; but as this uncertainty depends on the manner of their growth, and their situation,

ation, the knowledge of it can only be obtained by ocular observation.

A thousand turns and forms of trees may present themselves to a judicious eye, and few of these perhaps might please.—The noblest oaks frequently have too great a number of branches, and these branches may be over-loaded with ramifications; when this is the case, but little verdure appears on them. At other times these trees, when deprived of that luxuriance, have a great quantity of moss gather on their boughs; which, in the middle of the summer, blends too much with the green leaves; but towards autumn, when the leaves turn brown, they appear, owing to the heat, quite grey and vivid.—So also in the morning at sun-rise, when the dew has well moistened this moss, and thrown a gloss over the other parts of the wood, they shine most beautifully, and form noble colouring.—But so momentary is the effect of this operation of Nature, and so quick the transition, that it scarcely can be discerned by the careless eye. The principal



cipal beauty of picturesque representations depending in a great measure on the observance of these minutiae, they are not unworthy the attention of the artist.

As we passed through the wood, we fell in with a buck and doe;—but we found they were not natives of this part;—such as escape from Sir Richard Worsley's park, and this frequently happens, generally make for these woods.

At the extremity of this range of cover, we came close to Wootton-bridge hill; which for convenience of water carriage, claims a superior rank to many other parts of the island.—Here every diversity encountered the sight.—A great plenty of water lay in the valley, which was delightfully wooded on both sides, down to its banks.—Its views are extremely pleasant, and quite different from any we had hitherto seen. The left hand presents an entire screen of woods, which gracefully pass from Nunwell to the foot of Ashey down, whose height terminates

ates the distance, and forms a noble background.

The sun was setting at the time it fell under our inspection, and it powerfully impressed with its rays the tops of the shrubs. Many sweet hues from them also brought the liveliest colouring on the trees; nor was their reflection on the briny mirror less beautiful.—Several transitory streaks of the evening beamed, with an expression beyond all description fine, in the water.—The tide was in; and as on this side Wootton-bridge mills the wind and weather have no effect, it was a placid lake; and stained with the highest glows the hand of Nature could imprint. It is true its turn has not an equal degree of grace with those in the northern parts of England, but it has an innumerable diversity of objects to recommend it.

The right of Wootton bridge leads to the sea. This we sailed down, and were as well pleased with the beauties of it, as any we had before seen.—The only deficiency we

we could perceive was the want of rock, that great assistant to landscape. A few of those cliffs with which the southern shores of the island are overloaded, would have rendered this one of the completest and most beautiful lake-views in the island. Its right-side has all the woods of Quarr skirting its shores, which are answered by the opposite sides, where the same texture prevails.—A few interpositions of corn and grafs break among the woods, and reach likewise to the water; but these are too small to add much grace to it.

On our return, the mill and bridge broke the first distance of the water;—over which the woods that ranged along Afhey down united themselves to the others that swept along Arretón downs; where they appeared to be broke by a few straggling hills which joined the road to Ride.

Having feasted our sight for a considerable time on this delightful view, we passed on for Barton, formerly the seat of lord Clanrickard, but now the property of Mr. Blachford.

**Blachford.** A convent or oratory of friars, of the order of St. Augustin, was founded here in the year 1282 ; which was granted in the year 1439 to the college of Winchester.

## SECTION XVII.

**W**E now quitted the high road, and turning to the right hand, passed through several corn fields till we reached another copse of a considerable extent. The quantity of wood growing in this quarter of the island is nearly incredible, when compared to the other parts:—the latter appear a desert to it. This diversity renders it at once pleasant and striking;—and gives a far greater scope for the pencil than a common valley, thinly strewed with hedge-rows, possibly can.

The right-hand road led us directly to Barton House, which stands upon an eminence, and commands fine prospects.—When viewed from the foot of the hill it has a very pleasing effect.—The house is an ancient building, and the appearance of it such as we generally find the mansions which were erected about the reign of queen Elizabeth;—the windows are composed of leaded casements, which are all sunk in the wall. The late  
noble

noble possessor of it, lord Clanricard, whose usual residence it was, made several additions to it.—All the sides of the rooms are of wainscot, formed into small pannels, in which are affixed a number of representations of the cross.

Here was likewise a chapel ; but the building is now appropriated to less sacred purposes, being converted into a warehouse for wool. A great sameness runs through the whole house, both in its internal and external parts. The mode of its construction, with so many gable ends towards the front, gives a great formality to its appearance ; as do the tall chimnies ; both of which appear disgusting in a picture.

The lawn before the house is pleasant, but too regularly planted with clumps of evergreens, that favour more of the dullness of a citizen than the taste of a nobleman. We had, however, a fine view from it of Stokes bay to the right, and of Hampton water to the west. The sea-view was a great relief to its other prospects, and by far the best.

Osborne, the seat of Robert Pope Blackford, Esq. was our next object. The road from Barton House, (which, as before observed, belongs likewise to this gentleman) is not of any considerable length, and at the same time without much novelty.

This seat may be ranked as one of the best chosen residences in the island. On a fine spacious lawn, that leads to the sea, stands the pleasantly-situated mansion.—The views from it are as extensive as they can be on the northern side ;—Spithead has a fine appearance from it ;—so has Hampton river.

The building is very large, and has all its offices behind it. The inside is equally convenient and roomy ; and is now receiving considerable improvements.

From hence we touched at Old Castlepoint, and had a prospect of West Cowes on the opposite side of the river ;—but nothing more presented itself than what we had seen on our first arrival at the island.

As

As we had before, in our way to Newport, rode along the western boundaries of the river Medina, we now made its eastern side our principal object. After leaving East Cowes, the first curve of the river presented itself a little beyond Osborne. In this sweep its course is fine, and forms a perfect view. The opposite shores are softly touched with wood and fern, and share no inconsiderable part of its beauties.

Whippingham now formed the foreground. But concluding that the river must make a conspicuous appearance from that place, we descended to it. The church of Whippingham is as curious an object of the kind as we ever beheld; and unlike every one we had yet seen. The tower, instead of having battlements or a turret, has two gable ends, and reminded us rather of a house than of a church.

The vicarage, formerly the seat of Dr. Lewis, is now the residence of Mr. Barrington, junior.—The house is constructed partly of wood and partly of brick.—It is rather



low, but exceedingly pleasant, and a fit pattern for those who wish to combine taste with pleasure.—The front of it is towards the river, and it has a very conspicuous view of the opposite shores.—From these windows the finest and most distinct view of the river is seen.—Without entering into a minute description of the inside of the house, we would just observe that the bed-rooms, though small, are so judiciously fitted up, that every convenience attends them.

As you approach Newport, you there perceive the river to meander in delightful curves, while the loaded barks, proudly skimming along its translucent bosom, add lustre to the scene.—Carisbrook Castle, with the hills and downs of Gatcombe, close the view towards the south ; as the King's Forest does to the west, and the downs of Arreton to the east.

The mill belonging to Mr. Smith, known by the name of Botany-bay Mill, lies to the left of the river, and is just seen terminating the curve of the tide. In point of  
situation

situation for exhibiting a variety of scenes, this mill stands unrivalled on the banks of the Medina. Its grounds are small, but so well laid out, that every necessary is soon to be procured. There are but few houses in the village of Whippingham, and those principally belonging to farmers.

Rising now on the high grounds, we had more distinct views of the hills round Carisbrook than before. The evening at the same time closing in, one of the heavy purple harbingers of approaching night had nearly dropt its ærial curtain before the declining sun.—Yet so warmly did its power beam on every object it caught, that its glow appeared to be contracted only to shine with double vividness.—Every plant it touched was perfectly on fire, and scarcely confined its hues to the turf on which it grew.

By the time a few minutes more had elapsed, the sun had descended below this gloomy mantle, in which night's dreary scenes were soon to be enwrapped ; and finding a passage from the brow of Alvington

forest to glance the remains of his departing rays, he tinged with them the opposite wood ; —but so faintly that the green but barely revealed its yellow tints.

From this mellowness of tint, however, the colouring was soft, without too strong a glare. At the decline of day the shadows are fine and broad, and assist the imagination in acquiring a proper idea of this great branch of the art,—and how properly to apply it.—The hills of Swanston imperceptibly crept to the sight, and glided off to the valley of Shalfleet, where a small interposition of the sea finished the scene.

The river continued to diversify its turns at every step we advanced, till we reached Fairlee, the seat of Mr. White. This house stands on an eminence, and commands both views of the river.—The opening from Cowes road to the Mother Bank and the Brambles, from hence is beautiful, and exhibits fine traits of the scenes in general produced by sea ports. The front of the house, which is chiefly brick, is towards the river.

The

The other part has several long buildings annexed to it, without either novelty or elegance. The inside is plain and neat ; besides which it has nothing very remarkable to boast of. The lawn, before it, reaches to the water-side ;—it is spacious, and gives a nobleness to the building.—On its left is a wood, which skirts the sides down to the river.—The right is open, and descends to the same point.

Heavy clouds had for a considerable time been hovering in the horizon ;—they now rolled over our heads, and poured down upon us their tremendous contents.—The thunder loudly roared in awful peals ;—the rain spouted on us in cataracts ;—and the lightning darted forth its most vivid sulphur.—When the rain had somewhat abated of its fury, the lightnings exhibited the finest presentations we had seen since we came upon the island.—The flashes being remarkably long in their continuance, the illumination they threw over the adjacent parts was grand beyond description ; and detained us by its beauties for near an hour,  
 absorbed

absorbed in wonder and admiration.—The town of Newport received from its brilliance every display it was in the power of light to give it, and appeared a perfect spot of beauty;—while the river and the surrounding wood derived from it their proportion of grandeur.

The storm had now vented its fury, and heavily rolled on; when, passing the corner of Bleak Heath, we entered Newport at the east bridge, having completed our tour round the extremities of the island.

## SECTION XVIII.

**O**UR next object was to view the island from its central mountains, and to explore the picturesque beauties which the middle parts of it afford in such profusion. For this purpose we took our route to the eastward; and leaving Newport north road, we fell in with the foot of Arreton downs, at Shide Mill, about a mile from the town.

The situation of this place is very beautiful; and, unlike most others in the island, has a few trees encircling each of the houses, with the river Medina meandering along the valley.—Passing its bridge, we perceived the hills to rise to a great height, and form a noble fore-ground.—The bridge, though not considerable, becomes an object, and finely breaks the streaky lines of Gatcombe vale to the right.

The road on the downs is very steep, and mostly chalk and gravel. As we ascended, the valley opened in a lovely manner, and  
presented

presented a charming variety of objects to engage the attention. — Gatcombe hills bounded the view to the right, and skirted the dale to Black down, where it joined the hill of St. Catherine's, and terminated the valley.

Gatcombe house from hence is a conspicuous object, and from these heights receives a full display of its beauty and situation. From the hill we had a slight view of Mr. Roberts's seat.—There the vale broke away to Godshill, and swept, to the left, under the park of Appuldurcombe, from whence it took its course to the side of Queen Bower, where the valley of Newchurch commences, and both terminated at Sandown.

The village of Arreton lay close under our right, and presenting itself in a bird's-eye view, was pleasanter to the sight from this point than any other we had yet observed it in. Crossing the downs to the left, we viewed the woody scenes of Ride and Wootton bridge.

Cowes

Cowes harbour is seen from this down to great advantage ;—every curve of the stream is perfectly discernible from it, and exhibits a greater variety than can be procured from any other spot ;—the woods range down to it in perfect grandeur, and conceal all those littleneſſes that ſo often broke upon us when ſeen from every other quarter. Alvington foreſt bounded its oppoſite ſhore, and opened its ſcenes towards the vale of Shaſfleet, where the fight was cloſed. The road of Cowes, diminſhing to a pleaſing avenue, preſented its veſſels at anchor ;—while Luttrell's folly and Caſshot caſtle were perfectly viſible.

The morning was grey, and clearer than the mornings generally are here.—A haze frequently interrupts the fight ; but not that ſort which at ſun-riſe ſo finely exhibits the extravagance of Nature, and, diſplaying every wanton freak upon the mountain's head, gives pleaſure to the fight, and grandeur to the landſcape ;—it was of a more dewy ſubſtance, that juſt ſtreaks the horizon,



horizon, and at the least approach of warmth disperses.

From Cowes the valley was richly lined with wood, and so harmonized, that every gaiety we could possibly have wished for was produced. Still the woods continued to display their grandeur, till an opening at Wootton bridge broke them.—We had a fine prospect of this little lurking spot of Nature, and viewed it in its gayest vest.—It had been seen before by us towards the conclusion of a former day, but now it was possessed of all the diversified effects of a morning, which scattered gladness over every surrounding branch.

The water was at too great a distance to produce more than variety ; but this it did in such profusion as had never before been exhibited to us.—A steam, arising from its surface, glided along the boundaries of the adjacent woods, and, creeping up the opposite hills, seemed to glory in uniting all the scenes in one point.

The

The houses that bound Wootton bridge were now buried in the aërial substance which seemed to envelope every part with its softest bloom.—The trees shone with double lustre, and presented all the luxuriance that verdure could display.

The sea, in our distance, was blended with the sky ; and nothing appeared to be wanting to render the portraiture complete but the pencil of Mr. Morland, whose well-known knowledge in nature, composition, drawing, and colouring, would have given, if possible, a higher finish than Nature herself had done.

The glorious source of light and heat now gradually began to break up from the east, and soon dispelled this refreshing effervescence of Nature.—The vapours almost instantaneously ceased to glow, and retiring, introduced to the sight the remaining woods that diffuse themselves in this quarter.

We

We could not discern any part of the venerable walls of Quarr Abbey. — The village of Ride we could just see; but so small a part of it, that only a few houses were visible over the trees. The vessels that were passing near its shores had their share in the scenes, but not to that extreme we wished. Still the woods alternately cheered the dale, and threw fresh lustre on the scene; while on our left, at the foot of Ashey downs, they continued to range entirely to Nunwell.

To those who have no relish for picturesque scenes, these descriptions may carry with them the appearance of too much warmth, and the views seem to be verbally portrayed in colours too glowing; but those who have a taste for the fine arts, and are possessed of so much judgment and sensibility as to be charmed with the picturesque beauties of Nature, will, undoubtedly forgive the seeming enthusiasm; and accompanying us step by step, view in idea the scenes we represent;

represent; and find the same romantic ardour and admiration excited in their minds by the *description* that we found excited in ours by the *views*.

## SECTION XIX.

**P**ROCEEDING a little farther, we arrived at Afhey sea-mark, a triangular pyramid, constructed of stone, about twenty feet high, and designed as a guide for ships sailing from St. Helen's to Spithead. From this point of view we had a large sweep of the island.—Before us lay the harbour of Brading, bounded by Bimbridge downs to the right, and by St. Helen's to the left.

The scenes from this part are grand beyond description, and too extensive for us to be able to describe their limits.—The coast of Sussex bounded the distance before us, and appeared with every beauty that a distance can be admired for.

We now passed on to Brading downs, and viewed from thence the same scenes we had done from Afhey sea-mark. After re-enjoying that view, we skirted the opposite brow of the downs.—Here the valley of Sandown

Sandown opened in quite a different garb to what the woody scenes of Ride had just presented to us.

The rows of hedges were formal, and too regular to be pleasing.—The only grandeur was the opposite downs of Bonchurch, which rising at Dunnose, swept away to those of St. Boniface and Appuldurcombe park.—These form noble back grounds, and when you approach nearer, admit of nice pieces being caught from them; as many fore-grounds present plenty of wood and water verging on the brow of their hills.

We next came to the woods of Knighton, the forms of which are beautifully picturesque.—Here the feat of Mr. Bisset broke on our sight.—Few would imagine that such a charming spot could be found in so reclusive a dale, and receive any assistance from the hand of Art.—Knighton house, though ancient, exhibits much taste and judgment in its construction:—notwithstanding it must have been often repaired, it seems not to have lost an iota of its original beauty.—

In the front the windows are all latticed, and retain their antique pillars of stone for their present supporters.

One part of the building is finely variegated by the ivy that binds its gable ends. These gable ends are the only parts that appear disgusting;—there are too many of them; which of course rather hurts than heightens the effect.

On each side of the house there is a range of woods; but a sufficient space is left between them to present some very beautiful prospects.—On one side the hill of St. Catherine's is seen; on the other the downs of St. Boniface.—From the left-hand side, going to the house, a few pieces of water make a very pleasing addition to the foreground, and bring every thing into great harmony.

Here the view breaks, and presents the valley of Newchurch;—the house forming the right-hand screen,—the woods the left,—and water in the middle,—with fine  
broken

broken ground. The hills of Queen Bower terminate the first distance ;—the downs of Bonchurch finish the view ; but they rise from this spot with a much greater degree of grandeur than from any point of view we had hitherto seen them in.

The house stands on an elevation considerably above the common level of the earth.—A wall supports the grounds lying at its back ; and even a part of the garden is raised by these means to a parallel with it.

The woods to its left form a sweet recess, and invite to a contemplation of the charms which every where present themselves. In such a situation the mind is naturally led to contemplate the enchanting scenes which Nature has spread around ; and, inspired by the sight,

“ To look through Nature up to Nature’s God.”

POPE.

In such a moment, how vain and unsatisfactory do the most brilliant scenes of a gay and dissipated life appear !



The trees are large and well grown, and hang in those careless attitudes that convey a sure pleasure to the eye. From such a combination of beauties this place must yield to very few in the island. Its being so contiguous to Newport, and likewise at a convenient distance from all the eastern parts of the island, makes it a chosen spot. The woods are said to have been formerly stocked with a great number of pheasants.

The inside of the house is roomy, and, like its outward appearance, favours of the antique.—A few pictures grace the rooms.

Leaving this sequestered vale, we proceeded to the town of Newchurch, which is situated about a mile from Knighton.—In our way we met with nothing more than its valley to entertain us ; which is well watered, and boasts as rich a soil as any in the neighbourhood.

The entrance to Newchurch is up a hill, rather steep ; and without any pretensions  
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to those picturesque beauties we expected to find there. The church is old, but not interesting; nor is there any thing out of the common line in the appearance of the houses, which are chiefly inhabited by tradesmen and labourers.

The view from the church-yard is the best the place affords.—From thence the hills of Gatcombe appear to join those of Arretton, and, blending with Knighton, terminate with Culver cliffs. The valley was the most interesting; after which Knighton house formed the next principal subject; and both were closed by Ashey down.

From hence we passed Queen Bower. On the top of its hill stands a peasant's hut;—but if fine prospects and enchanting objects give a pre-eminence, this spot is more befitting the mansion of a peer. The views from it are nearly the same as those seen from the opposite downs.

Pursuing our way down the bower, we crossed to Asp, where the greatest depth of  
F 4 the

the valley is plainly perceptible. From thence we passed Cherry gardens, and turned to Landgard, the principal house of which is at present occupied by Mr. Smith, an opulent farmer. The oak and elm groves that surround this mansion render it a pleasant residence. Its views are rather close and contracted, but upon the whole agreeable.

From Landgard we passed close under Shanklin downs, and crossed to Wroxall, a small village near Appuldurcombe. The latter lying directly in our route, and having procured admission tickets, we entered the park, and proceeded to it.

## SECTION XX.

**A**PPULDURCOMBE park, the seat of Sir Richard Worsley, is situated in a valley, which takes one of the most extensive courses, and might be considered as one of the principal dales, in the island. Our readers may remember the mention we made of this house when, in our circuit round the island, we took a view of it from the downs of Yaverland and St. Helen's. We then could not so well judge of its situation; but we were now convinced that it was pleasant. The harbour of Brading broke in between the downs of Yaverland and Brading, and presented the coast of Suffex to bind the distance.

Those fences and hedge rows which had disgusted our eye when we looked down upon them from Alhey downs, now viewed from the house, dropped into the focus of each other, and rather resembled a wood than what they really were. Taken altogether, the situation of Appuldurcombe  
house

house is pleasant, but not possessed of that grandeur which results from the ruder boldness of Nature.

This mansion, which is built of freestone, is large and beautiful.—There are four regular fronts to it, of the Corinthian order, the principal of which is adorned with two wings, and has a lawn before it. The offices all lie at the back of the house, where strangers who come to view it usually enter.

The first room we were ushered into, after passing the servants' hall, was the great hall—a most superb and elegant apartment, embellished with the choicest productions of the arts.

Some beautiful pictures adorn the walls, particularly the subject of the Salutation, by Fran. Barbierius, opposite the door; the drawing of which is chaste and spirited; the colouring dark, but with a fine effect.—Over the fire-place, on the left hand, is the Consecration of a Bishop;—the subject not interesting, but highly finished. These pictures,

tures, we understood, were purchased by Sir Richard Worsley, when lately abroad.

A portrait by Vandyke, is also in the best style ; as are a Virgin and Child, and several others, by Holbein, Sir Peter Lely, Carracci, &c. all in the first manner.

The busts likewise display judgment in their selection.—That of the River Nile is an elegant piece of sculpture ;—the symmetry of the limbs is graceful, and the whole finely preportioned.—The sixteen Cupids are delicately touched, and equally well grouped.

Several antiques grace the pedestals ; among which the Genius of Hercules, the Achilles, and the Bull, are some of the best.

The roof is supported by eight beautiful pillars of the Ionic order, resembling Porphyry, highly ornamented.

From hence our guide conducted us to the dining-parlour.—Here we were gratified



fied with a fight of some of the finest pictures ever produced by the pencil of Zuccarelli. — At the extremities of the room hung two of the largest I ever saw by this great master ; and, if I may presume to say so, I think them the best. — In my humble opinion, those at Windsor and Hampton Court, from recollection, are not superior.

That on the right hand as you enter the room, has every requisite to render a picture complete ; — the composition is grand and elevated ; — the figures in the fore-ground are spirited ; and at the same time there is a peculiar softness in the countenance of both the women which stamps an everlasting credit on that knowledge of the passions this master was known to possess. — The only disparity was in the cattle, which were rather out of proportion, by being too long in the back. The buildings are in the stile of Pouffin, and happily managed ; — the back-grounds are possessed of all the fire and colouring that can set off a picture. Upon the whole, this claims  
the

the superiority over every other piece in the room.

Its companion is nearly on the same subject, and beautiful in the extreme.—The light and shadow in this piece, give the spectator a thorough knowledge of the pitch to which painting can be carried.—The others by this master likewise claim attention.

Two by Berghem also grace the room.—It is needless to make any comment on the performances of this well-known master, except just saying that they are in his best style.—I am sorry to be obliged to add, that they are so very highly varnished, that in a few years there is a probability of their being entirely obliterated.—Indeed too many in this collection have undergone that destructive process, to the great disappointment of Time, who would otherwise have handed them down with pleasure to posterity.

We were now conducted to the drawing-room,

room, which is pleasantly situated, and the furniture extremely beautiful. Returning from this room, we entered the library, where nothing besides a figure on the ceiling attracted our particular attention.—This claimed our warmest praise.—The subject is an angel in the attitude of flying.—The colouring is beautiful; the drawing still more so.—One of the legs, which was foreshortened, appeared to be the touch of Cipriani; and indeed the whole of the figure led us to suppose that it was the production of that artist.—But as it was placed so high, we could not take upon us to pronounce to a certainty its master.

We next passed into an interior library, where fresh beauties attracted our notice.—A Sun-set, on one of the highest pannels near the door, was the first object that caught our eyes.—It was a piece of such merit, that we could have viewed it for an hour, without finding the least abatement in our pleasure and admiration.—The subject was a Sea-port, executed in the most finished

finished stile.—The colouring was warm; but free from glare;—and so softly blended was the whole, that a completer copy of Nature was never seen.—The vessel in the distance is handled with peculiar judgment, and exemplifies the nice conception of the master.

A whole length of Sir Richard Worsley, in his regimentals, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, hangs in one corner ; and a picture by Barrett, of that wonderful spot, Steeplehill, likewise graces the room ; together with a few old heads, &c.

The little dressing-room contains a set of Italian views, in water colours ; among which is an Eruption of Mount Vesuvius. There is also a view of the Egyptian Pyramids ; with several different views of Athens ; all in the highest rank of the art.—These we likewise found were what Sir Richard had lately brought over.

The organ-room boasts also of several beautiful pictures.—One by Reubens, over  
the

the door, is in his first stile of colouring;—the half tints are soft and harmonious, and show the excellency of his pencil;—the subject, Nymphs bathing. A large picture of Boors quarrelling, in an excellent stile. One by Palamedes, of a Merry Making, which is placed under the foregoing, has also a claim to merit.

A Stoning of St. Stephen, with a Joseph and our Saviour, are pictures in a capital stile. There are two good pieces by Gerrard Dow;—the first his usual subject, a Woman looking out of a window; the other, his Mother at work. A small piece by Van Helmont, of Boors regaling, is in the best stile of that master. The Consumptive Boy has merit;—but, as well as *consumptive*, the artist surely intended him for a *languishing* one.—Hinting our doubt on this head, we were informed by our guide, that the former was meant to be expressed by the artist.

Passions, or corporeal affections, of a similar tendency, from the similarity of their  
repre-

representation, sometimes cause a doubt of the painter's intentions, especially where no distinguishing traits are to be met with ; so the appearance of a consumptive person, and one languishing from extreme sensibility, might be mistaken by the spectator ; and he may be led to doubt, as we did, of the painter's design.

Returning to the vestibule, we there also observed several pictures of the first rank. Among them was one of Liberality, by Sir Joshua. What I have already said on a former occasion of the merit of this first of living artists, renders it unnecessary for me to say much of this piece. I cannot forbear, however, observing that the countenance of the female figure, representing Liberality, is such as his brilliant imagination usually forms.—Every beauty shines alike conspicuous ; and hard it is to know which is the loveliest feature in her face ;—each is so charming, that it bids defiance to the critic ;—and the *tout en-semble* is such as will be modern at any future date.—The hair, loosely dishevelled, flows partly over the

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shoulders, and adds beauty to those charms that Sir Joshua is so peculiarly happy in, when he is painting a female from his own imagination.

The picture of Daniel in the lion's den, after the original in the possession of his Grace of Hamilton, is here ; but it hangs almost beyond the sight of an indifferent eye.—The original is accounted one of Rubens' masterpieces. —Several prints have been engraved from it.

A picture of young Master Worsley, by Mr. Cofway, is over the door.—Time seems to have mellowed the colouring, and to have brought it to the highest perfection.

A Dog and dead Fox, by Mr. Elmer, is painted with all the nature the pencil of that gentleman possesses. Several other pieces of great merit also adorn the walls.—A fine statue of Apollo Belvidere stands on the staircase.

With these remarks shall we take leave  
of

of the inside of the house, as recent orders from its owner forbid the admission of strangers up stairs ; which we could not help lamenting, as we were informed that it contains sixty rooms, and that the walls of most of them are decorated with pictures. But if those in the rooms above are as much obscured by dirt and varnish as the principal part of those we saw below were, we may venture to pronounce it to be throughout the collection of a perfect connoisseur.

I have known many gentlemen purchase at an extravagant price, pictures that have been scarcely visible ; as if merit consisted in obscurity.—In particular, I once saw a considerable sum given for a piece by Rubens, which was totally devoid of colouring or design, (as many even of that great master's have been, though these branches of the art were his forte), while others of far superior merit, by a modern artist, attracted scarcely a look.—With little less prejudice in favour of obscured antiquity do a great part of this collection seem to have been chosen.



The surest way for strangers to obtain a sight of the inside of this mansion, is by an application to the present possessor of the Bugle inn, at Newport ; where, besides procuring the means for partaking of so desirable an entertainment, they will find the comforts and conveniences of a home, though at an inn.

Leaving the house, we now passed through the lodge and the park, towards Godshill.—The entrance into the park is by a handsome gateway of the Ionic order. An obelisk of Cornish granite, of a considerable height, stands in the park, which was erected to the memory of Sir Robert Worley. One of the views from the house is directed to an artificial castle, placed on a rocky cliff, about half a mile from the park, which is generally known by the name of Cook's Castle. The lodge is a neat plain building.—The keeper's house stands on the left, at the foot of a small copse.

A great deficiency of wood appears through the whole park.—Several small clumps

clumps of regularly planted trees straggle in many parts, and afford but little gratification to the sight. And I cannot help here remarking, that in the appearance of this mansion and its environs, there is such an unaccountable want of that combination of objects, to which our Gallic neighbours give the happy term of *je ne sçai quoi*, that not all the art imaginable could raise it, sumptuous as it is, to inspire that pleasurable feeling, which the plain and humble roof of Steephill cottage impresses on the mind at first sight.

The termination of the park breaks rather abruptly, and lets in the hill of St. Catherine's on the left, and on the right those of Cheverton and Brixton.

At Appuldurcombe there was formerly a cell of Benedictine monks, founded by Isabella de Fortibus, about the end of the reign of king Henry the Third. This cell was made subordinate to the abbey of St. Mary de Montisburgh, in Normandy, but was dissolved, with the rest of the alien priories,

by king Henry the Fifth. Previous to its dissolution it had been given by Henry the Fourth to a convent of nuns, at that time standing without Aldgate, London.

Having passed the prak farm, we arrived at the outer gate of the park, leading to Godshill, to which place we proceeded.

## SECTION XXI.

**T**HE town of Godshill is very neat, though small, and contains a proportionable number of inhabitants.—Its church stands upon an ascent, and gives name both to the place and the parish; and, as the people here say, through a circumstance equally as fabulous as the rising of Shanklin down.

The architecture is partly Gothic, but, through the usual mode of modern beautification, the whole is not to be distinguished. However, when we viewed it, two of its gable ends had just fallen in, which broke the formal appearance of its extremity, and introduced a beautiful specimen of its ancient splendour. The ivy had twisted off many of its disagreeable angles, and added beauty to its Gothic appearance. Its present shattered state might have arisen from its having been struck by lightning in the year 1778, when great damage was done to it. This church was anciently

appropriated to the abbey of Lyra, in Normandy.

Upon our entering the porch we observed abstracts from several acts of parliament fixed against the door, and among them one that excited both our curiosity and risibility ;—it was from an act made in the seventh of James the First, which enacts, that every female who unfortunately intrudes on the parish a second illegitimate child, shall be liable to imprisonment and hard labour in Bridewell for six months.

Now as the number of females on this island much exceeds that of the males ; and as, from the mild temperature of the climate, circumstances frequently arise among the lower ranks that render the intention of this act of no effect ; we could not help thinking this public exhibition of the abstract as rather a rigorous exertion of Justice.

We found it was not very unusual here for the young men, from the deficiency of numbers

numbers just spoken of, to pay their devoirs to more than one young woman at a time ; and as it is not possible for him *legally* to unite himself to all of them, he generally bestows his hand on her who had first presented him with a pledge of their love.— This, however, is seldom done till the approach of a second pledge from the same person renders such an act of compassion needful, in order to avoid the consequences of the tremendous anathema fixed on the church door.

Leaving Godshill, we passed the valley to Shorwell, which is but a small spot. Northcourt was the next place we made for. —Here — Bull, Esq. has a seat, which is pleasantly situated, and commands extensive views.

Finding ourselves nearly in a part that we had visited before, during our tour round the coast, and consequently where no fresh information was to be obtained, we turned our horses, and pursued our  
route

route up Chillerton-street ; from whence we skirted the opposite side of the vale of Gatcombe.

Here every luxuriance that could be wished for, strewed the valley. The spring which rises at the bottom of St. Catherine's, bending its course down the dale, relieved the continued groups of wood lying in its circle. This stream, which is said to be the source of the river Medina, has the honour of being called by that name long before it can make any pretensions to the denomination of a river.

Chillerton down now frequently bounded our left-hand view ;—the opposite valley that led to Sandown, which has been twice described, was hidden for a considerable distance ;—frequent interpositions of landscape, however, made amends for the want of it.—From a little rising ground a beautiful display of the utmost variegation sometimes shone forth till we arrived at Sheat.

On the top of a pleasant rusticated hill  
stands

stands a small homely village of this name, where, at a farm-house on the right hand, opposite to a smith's shop, we met with another instance of the kindness and hospitality of the people of this island; who, I must here again repeat, are not outdone in the exercise of these virtues by the most hospitable and civil of the inhabitants of any other part of Great Britain.—I may truly say, in the words of a writer well known for his knowledge of men and manners, that at most of the farm-houses in this island,

“ ——— Ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair.”

We have only to add, relative to Sheat, that its vicinity is surrounded by small woods, which pleasingly amuse the eye.

Descending a slope of about half a mile, we arrived at Gatcombe house, formerly the seat of Edward Meux Worsley, Esq. but now the summer residence of captain Ratray. This mansion is sheltered at its back by a plantation of pines, and has an agreeable prospect.—It is chiefly construct-  
ed



ed of brick, without any external ornaments; but there is a great degree of neatness and simplicity in the appearance of it.

The inside is very roomy, but has neither picture, nor any thing extraordinary in its furniture, to attract particular notice.—However, though it has not to boast of its former splendour, the affability and genteel behaviour of the amiable females resident in it, the benign influence of which is not confined to the vicinity of Gatcombe, still ranks it among the most celebrated mansions of the island.

A fine lawn spreads its verdant turf before the house, and extends to the road.—On its side front a prospect still more charming is seen.—A beautiful piece of water lies in the bottom; and it is agreeably planted with trees.

The opposite downs of Arreton range delightfully to the valley of Newchurch, and finely interpose between the town of  
New-

Newport and the downs of Appuldurcombe.—The valley receives no little degree of lustre when viewed from Gatcombe.—The hill that overhangs Shide mill is very fine, and produces every thing requisite for a first distance.—Alvington forest forms the second; with an agreeable break of the river Medina between it and Osborne woods.

The river from hence had a singular effect;—while a heavy cloud hung over Alvington forest, the water received the full force of the intervening light, and the distance terminated in a glowing blue, or rather a mixture of colours.

Leaving Gatcombe, we proceeded to Whitcomb, through a hedge row, which bounded the road on both sides, and passed on till we came within sight of Newport.—Here a different scene presented itself, and gave us a juster idea of the forest than we had as yet imbibed.

From Newport, a valley ran along the bottom of Carisbrook hills for about three miles,

miles, where it joined those of Shalfleet, and closed the view at Newtown. Before us, both East and West Cowes were perfectly visible; while Stokes bay and Spithead presented many a swelling sail;—the harbour of Portsmouth and Portsdown hill closing the sight.

## SECTION XXII.

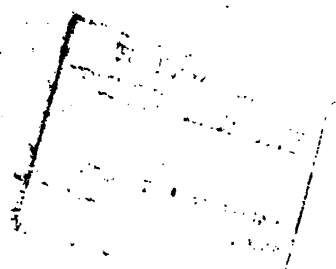
**T**URNING to our left, we now proceeded towards Carisbrook Castle, a place rendered famous by the confinement of king Charles the First.—That unfortunate monarch, after being betrayed by Hammond, the governor of the island, became his prisoner, and was confined in this castle.—But as sir Richard Worsley, in his History of the Isle of Wight, has so fully treated of this subject, and that from such excellent and indubitable authorities, little remains for me to say of the historical part.

On an elevated piece of ground stands this once impregnable fortrefs.—Nature has contributed very considerably toward its strength, as it is situated in such a manner as to command every point beneath it.—The circumference of the ditch, by which it is surrounded, is about three-quarters of a mile, and sufficiently wide to protect it from any attacks that an enemy, at the time it was erected, could make upon it. Though now  
dry

dry, it was undoubtedly supplied in former times with water.

The citadel appears to be the most ancient part of any in the building.—The time it was founded being a matter of dispute, the following conjectures relative to it may not appear ill founded.

It is well known that the Romans were in possession of this island ; and that after them Cerdic, king of the West Saxons, ruled over it ;—now as both those people constructed fortifications wherever they fixed themselves, it is more than probable that this fortress, the principal one in the island, and of undoubted antiquity, was originally erected, (I mean the most ancient part of it) by the former, and improved by the latter. And if it be admitted that the well in the Castle yard is a work of the Romans, which it undoubtedly is, as they always made a point of procuring water though at ever so great a depth, which neither the Saxons nor Normans were so particular about, this puts it out of dispute that they had established a place





place of defence of some kind or other on this spot.

Little mention is made of it during their time, but in the reign of Cerdic it is said to have been of considerable strength, and in a good state of defence. Some are of opinion that it was originally built by Whitager, one of Cerdic's generals, from whom it took the name of Whitgaraburgh, which was afterwards contracted to Carisbrook; but he might only have enlarged or repaired the Roman rampire, and, as was customary with the Saxons, given a new name to it.

The present structure was built as an improvement to the old fortress, by William Fitz-Osborne, one of the principal commanders in the Norman invasion, and on whom William the Conqueror, as a reward for his zeal and fidelity, bestowed the lordship of the Isle of Wight, and created earl of Hereford. This nobleman likewise founded the priory here.



The castle and its appendages, from that period, became the property of different possessors, till it came into the hands of lord Woodville, who sold it to king Edward the Fourth; since which time it has been affixed to the crown. The arms of that nobleman are carved in stone over the large gateway, and on each side are the roses of the house of York.

In the yard of the castle is the well before referred to, the depth of which is said to be three hundred feet; and it has always twenty feet of water in it. The persons who show the castle, generally let down a piece of lighted paper into the well, in order to exhibit to strangers a singular effect that attends it; a stream of air rushes down into it from the mouth, with such violence, as to extinguish the flame long before it reaches the bottom.

Another circumstance, not less extraordinary, likewise attends it; a pin of a common size being dropped into it, the sound it causes by falling on the water, though at so vast a depth, may be distinctly heard.

The

The water is drawn up by an afs; who has performed this duty upwards of fourteen years. And the animal that preceded the present, officiated in the same employment (for which purpose alone he was kept) during a much longer period; having lived forty years within the castle walls. The method used in drawing the water is by a wheel of fifteen feet diameter, in which the afs turns as a dog does a spit.

The mention of these creatures leads me to digress for a moment on the longevity both of the brutal and the human species, resident on this island. So kindly is the temperature of the air, that beasts as well as men, frequently live here to a great age. The number of each at present existing, who have exceeded the ordinary limits of life, is very considerable.

Among the former are several horses belonging to some of the inhabitants of Newport, which, if the assertions of their masters may be depended on, are turned of thirty years of age. And scarcely any of these kind

of animals but what retain their strength and usefulness from twelve to twenty years. Those used here are in general a small breed, named foresters, natives of the island; which, on account of the rough and stony roads, are found more useful than a larger sort would be.

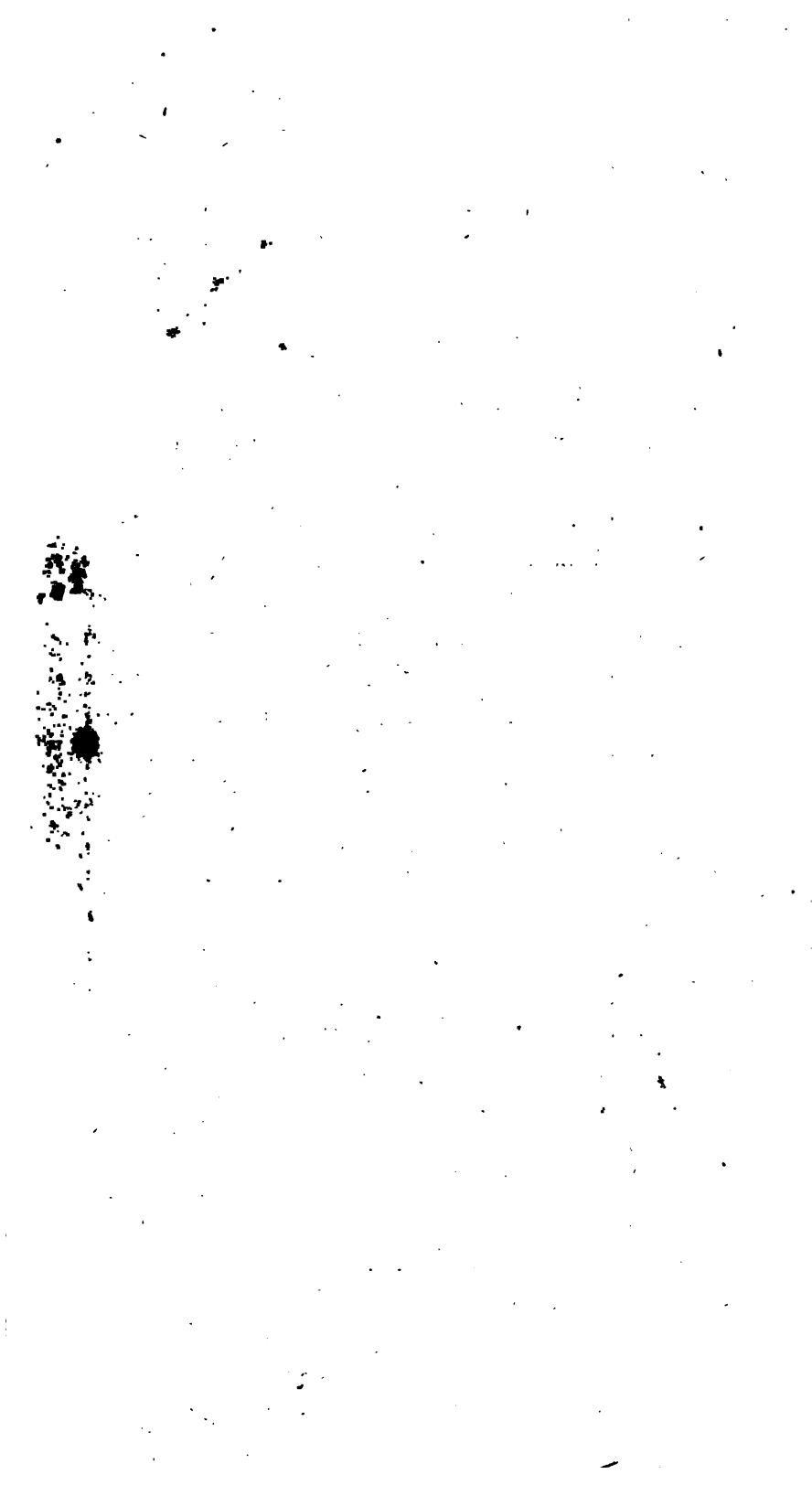
This castle having fallen greatly to decay from the constant ravages of Time, was repaired, and the works enlarged, by queen Elizabeth. That princess erected a platform towards the back part of it, on which some cannon were mounted. She likewise rebuilt the gateway, and added a bridge at the entrance. On the arch of the gateway, upon a plate of brass, are the initials of that queen's name, E. R. and the date 1598; the year when these additions and alterations were completed.—But this plate is now so over-grown with ivy, that not the smallest part of the inscription is to be seen.

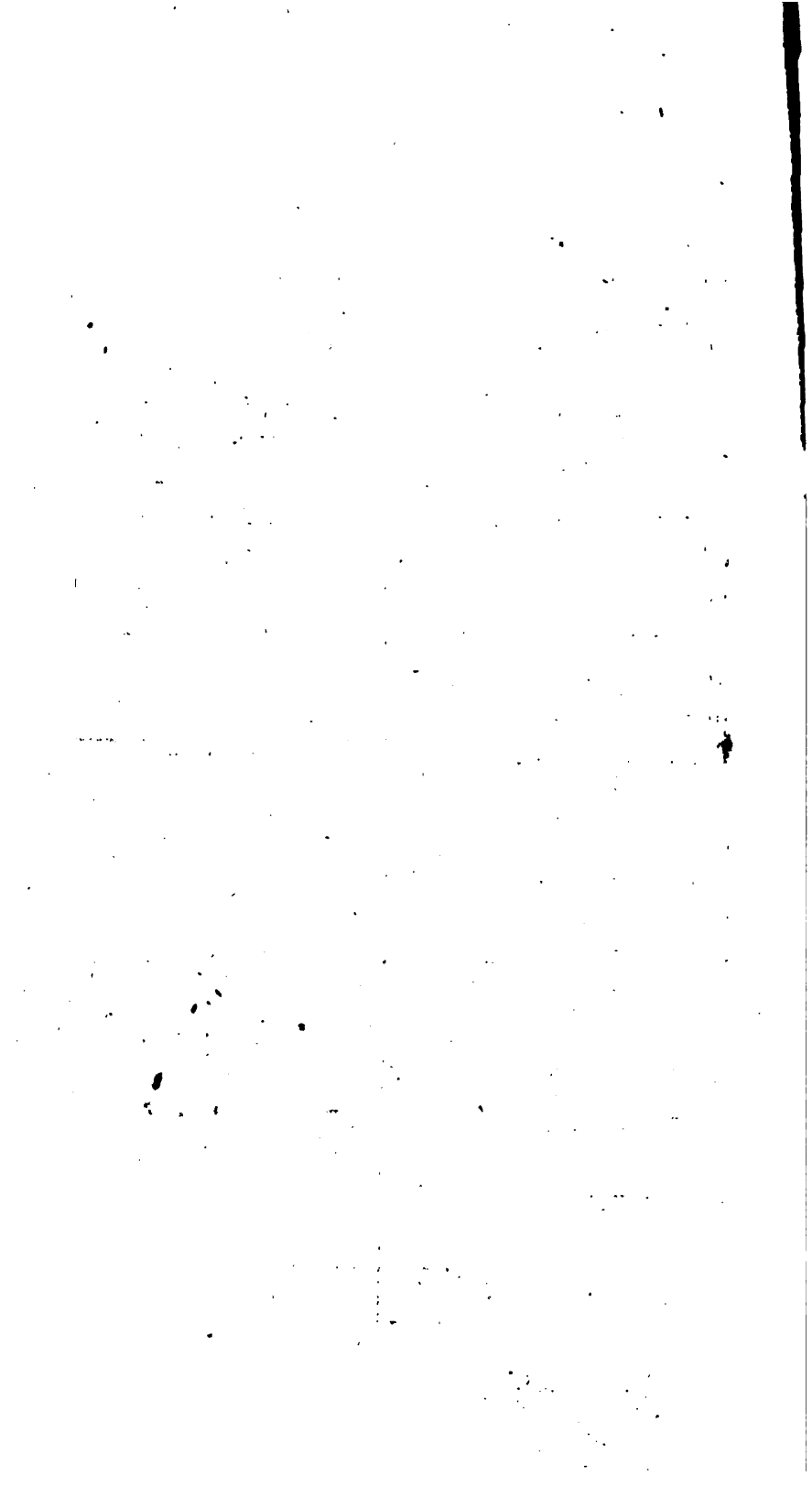
During the usurpation of Cromwell it was garrisoned by his forces; and he placed peculiar confidence in those who were stationed there ;

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there; as may be learned from many circumstances attending the imprisonment of king Charles.

In order to enter the castle by the principal road, you pass through the great gate, which is flanked by two large round towers. This gate and the towers are those mentioned to have been built by lord Woodville, in the reign of Edward the Fourth. The lattice wicket, though it has been so many years in use, is not in the smallest degree injured by Time. Both the inside and outside of it are lined with iron bars, and they must be several tons weight.

Having passed this gate, you enter the castle yard; where on the right hand stands the chapel. From the date over the door, this building was erected in the year 1738; and it stands on the site of one which was in existence before the conquest. It is dedicated to St. Nicholas, and has a cemetery belonging to it; but neither are at present made use of.



On the opposite side, a part of the walls lie in ruins, and more is daily falling to decay.—Near these they show you the window at which king Charles is said to have attempted his escape. As you proceed, on the same side, is a large modern-built stone house, which was designed for the residence of the governor; but it has been converted to a hospital for the military.—The present governor, colonel Lee, we however heard, intends in future to make it his summer residence.—A little farther to the right is the well before described; beyond which are the remains of another old house wherein cattle have been kept.

To the left, in a corner, is a flight of steps that lead to the top of the citadel.—The prospects from hence are very extensive; but as the same scenes have been already described, a repetition of them will be unnecessary. In the inside of this recess are the vestiges of a well, which is said to have been forty fathoms deep; but it is now nearly filled up. The citadel (or, as it was anciently called, the keep) is situated upon a piece of ground  
con-

considerably higher than any other part ; an elevation apparently artificial, and most probably a work of the indefatigable Romans.

We next ascended the ramparts and platform which had been erected during the reign of queen Elizabeth.—An entirely new scene lies in the valley below these. Though it is but small, a very pleasing variety displays itself in the bottom ; and the same is continued round the whole of the remaining walls of the castle, except where time, or the want of materials, have levelled a few of their supporters.

The outward appearance of the castle is very picturesque, and affords many pleasing views.—The ground on which the walls stands is finely broken, and well verdured.

The height of the castle from the valley is at least three hundred feet ; which gives it every advantage that any spot on this side the range of mountains extending to Yarmouth and Freshwater could possess, both as a place of defence against the weapons an-

ciently used, and at this time as affording a grand and agreeable sight.

Several advantageous views may be had of it from different parts of the village of Carisbrook; and, indeed, for ocular satisfaction, the views from thence are the most admired.—When seen from almost every spot around, it affords a fund of delight to the traveller whose mind is susceptible of the transports which picturesque scenes excite;—especially to those who love to contemplate the fretted Gothic arch;—the nodding battlements;—or the ruined tower;—all which tend to recall to his memory the ancient state and splendour of the English barons.

Having again passed round the boundaries of this stately relique of the fortresses of former times, we descended to the village of Carisbrook,—which, independent of its delightful situation, is by far the pleasantest village, in the vicinity of Newport.—A murmuring stream, bubbling over the pebbles that obstruct its course, becomes a pleasing  
object

object for its fore-ground, and adds to the beauties of the place.

To which the church likewise affords no mean assistance; it being the most picturesque in the island.—That which comes nearest to it is the church of Chale;—the latter, however, is not quite so large, nor the appearance of it so much in the Gothic stile.—The tower is of considerable height, and it has several spires, or, more properly, architectural ornaments, that greatly embellish it.—The large window is much superior to any of those in the other churches of the island. In short, a fine symmetry runs through the whole building, and procures for it that preference it so justly claims.

The houses and cottages in the village are likewise very picturesque, and not only harmoniously pleasing to the sight, but furnish a subject not unworthy of the pencil.

The priory, which is situated near the church, was formerly a convent of black monks. It was at first a cell to the abbey  
of

of Lyra in Normandy;—afterwards to that of Montgrace in Yorkshire;—and at last to the Cistercians at Sheen.

This, with the castle and the church, are the whole of the relics of antiquity here;—but it now wants all those additional parts of which it was once composed, to render it worthy of notice.—The walls are so inconsiderable, and the whole of the remains so meanly formal, that a view of it does not inspire an idea of what it formerly must have been.—The wall on the west side contributes to form a hovel for carts, and is thatched over.—The other parts are covered with ivy, and moss; without one pleasing object around it,

## SECTION XXIII.

**D**EPARTING from hence, we entered the road to Yarmouth, intending to skirt all the ridge of hills which we had seen, and have already described, during our prior route from Newtown and Shalfleet to that seaport.

The road, after leaving Carisbrook, is cut on the side of a chalky hill for near a mile; and commands the beautiful vale of Parkhurst, the whole of the way from Park green till the eye reaches Shalfleet lake, where the woods of the New Forest range in the distance, and close the view of the intervening part of the Solent.—To our left hand the ridge of mountains commenced, which shoot away towards Allum Bay on one side, and to Afton on the other.

The next spot we came to of note was Park cross;—a most luxurious scene, and possessed of every requisite to make it an inestimable picture. The fore-ground was  
bounded

bounded by a few noble oaks, and a piece of water, relieved by the downs of Boucombe. The valley was clothed with every tint that the declining sun could diffuse among its vegetations; nor was there in any part throughout the whole a want of water.

The scene at once delighted and amused us; as it consisted of wild Nature scattering beauties over the richest profusion of landscape that could encounter the sight.

On our right, the downs rose with splendour, and gave a nobleness to all that was spread beneath them; while the vallies, smiling, as if in gratitude for the bounties which Nature had strewed with so unsparing a hand over their surface, contributed their utmost aid to complete the voluptuous scene.

For luxuriance, this little spot claims a superiority over many of the other vales in the island, beautiful and picturesque as most of them are. The sloping banks that form its bounds are sweetly variegated with all that can please the imagination;—the cheering  
ing

ing beams of the sun, though declining, shone with unwonted lustre ;—the timorous herd, scattered underneath the noble oaks, displayed their spotted vests from amidst the sheltering thickets ;—while carefully erect, the more fearful does, attended by their frightened fawns, stood listening to a few noisy village curs that yelped from an adjacent farm :—a combination of scenes, warm from the hand of Nature, all tending to impress the mind with those exquisite sensations which are only excited by such calm and tranquil scenes.—Scenes, that while they delight the eye, and elevate the imagination, amend the heart, and dispose it to the exertion of every amiable propensity. For my own part, such scenes afford me greater satisfaction for the instant, than it would be in the power of unbounded empire to bestow.

Such were the pleasures we received from a contemplation of the vale of Alvington. With regret we left these lovely scenes to descend to views which will not bear a comparison with the foregoing.—The hills to  
our



our left hung slothfully over us, as if indifferent whether or not they appeared agreeable in our eyes.—A distorted elm, in a falling position, bent its branches to the ground, and seemed conscious of a miserable existence;—while the very flints and chalk that composed the substance of the ground, greatly added to the inequality that was so visible between them and the valley over which they nodded. At length the willow woods of Swanston in some measure cheered the scene.

On an extensive rising plain stands Swanston-house, the seat of sir Fitz-William Barrington.—The mansion is plain, but pleasing to the view, and is seen to the best advantage on the road from Newtown leading to Yarmouth. On the right it is encompassed by a tract of woody land, and at its back are the downs of Boucombe, and its own coppices.

The inside of the house is very antique, but remarkably neat.—The staircases and walls are chiefly wainscotted with a wood  
which

which we took to be oak or walnut, and were remarkably shining.

From the drawing room there is a fine view over the surrounding country. We found this apartment to be genteel, without any of that heavy grandeur we had seen at Appuldurcombe. A ship piece over the fire place, by Brooking, or Peters, attracted our attention.—It has all the usual spirit of these masters.—The sea is peculiarly well handled.

In the breakfast room there are several ancient portraits of the family, and some of them very highly touched.—One in particular of Jonas Barrington, Esq. painted in 1664, is superior to any of them.

The other rooms on the ground floor are likewise so situated as to command pleasing views of the Solent sea and the New Forest.

In a bed room, on the first floor, we saw a portrait in miniature of the lady of Mr. Barrington, of Wippingham—a most delicate

cate and highly-finished picture.—The attitude graceful, with every charm to render it a masterpiece. The artist has been peculiarly happy in the likeness, and he has *almost* done justice to the original.

Passing through the bed rooms, we observed that they were elegant, but, at the same time, without the least appearance of tawdrynefs ; and each had a dressing room annexed to it.

We now returned over the hill ; and passing a delightful range of scenery on the right, with the opening of the north side of Brixton down to the left, made for the village of Calbourne, which is situated at the foot of those downs.

In a triangular recess of elms and ash stands the village, abounding with every pleasure that retirement can furnish, to render it desirable.—The church is simple, without any leading features to attract notice.

At

At the foot of the hills run several springs, which form a respectable sheet of water, and at length produces a small artificial cascade. The overflowing forms a brook, that has a communication with an arm of the haven of Newtown.

The principal houses here are that in which the reverend Mr. Porter resides, and another situated opposite, and divided from it only by the road, belonging to L. T. Holmes, Esq. mayor of Newport. The latter, generally known by the name of Westover house, stands on an eminence, and has commanding prospects over all the north-west part of the island, as well as towards Alvington and Parkhurst, down to the river Medina. The hospitality of this mansion is too well known to all strangers to need an encomium here.

Leaving Westover to the right, we proceeded into the Yarmouth road, where the hills of Freshwater, on the left, rose with as much splendour as when we saw them before from Wilmingham.—But as we have al-

ready described these scenes in our route from Yarmouth to Freshwater, a repetition of them will be needless.

We now returned to the road we had pursued before to Newtown ; but nothing occurred more than had been surveyed by us in our prior route.

As we are about to complete the account of our tour round the island by land, it may not be amiss to observe, that when we set out from Newport to pass round the island, we commenced our observations relative to the coast, from Newtown, and omitted to begin at Cowes, (which in fact is the least noticeable, in point of novelty or beauty, of any part on the whole island,) in order to enjoy the scenes from Alvington, which at that time more particularly engaged our attention.

Crossing now the left stream of Newtown at Underwood, we came to Elmworth, a rural little spot ; from whence we had a distinct view of Thorness Bay, part of which has a  
great

great variety, and is well wooded. All the opposite shores of Hampshire were those we continually had seen from the interior parts; and though the Solent seemed to be broader, it lost a considerable degree of that grand appearance it had exhibited when seen at a greater distance.

We had, however, several hasty touches of Nature; for the clouds that so frequently surround, as before observed, a September setting sun, twice displayed a perfect piece of composition.—The beams of the sun, darting from behind the distant clouds, touched the higher part of the forest with a soft light, which gradually declined as it advanced towards the water; where all the shore, for a great width, lay in obscurity, as did a part of the sea; till, near mid channel, another gleam of light broke forth, and ran through the scene; when, reaching Thornes Bay, it died gently away, and left the land, from the beach to a parcel of oaks that hung over a piece of water in the fore-ground, in an entire shadow.

Passing through Great Thornefs, we entered Rue-street, and made for the stone quarries at Gurnet bay. The soil here is so various, that the substance of it changes almost every quarter of a mile ;—sometimes it consisted of a black mould ;—then of clay ;—now of chalk, gravel, or loam ;—and in this manner it varied till we entered the vale of Gurnet marsh.

During the winter the sea makes frequent intrusions on these marshes, and sometimes renders them almost impassable.

Proceeding onward, we arrived at the stone quarries, as they are termed ; but the sea, by its incessant attacks, does more towards loosening the stones than the labours of the workmen.—All along the shore runs a vein of very durable stone, a part of which the waves, almost every tide, bring down.

The scene here is totally different from most of the other parts of the coast, forming noble masses of true rock ;—but though there is an air of grandeur about them, they  
are

are inferior in this respect to those of Allum Bay.

The works at Portsmouth are constructed of the stone from hence.—When the weather permits, three or four floops generally lie in the bay, in order to load with it. Its coat is proof against the unremitting attacks of time, or of the weather. The surface of it is much firmer than that brought from Portland or Purbeck; and it is held in higher estimation by the inhabitants of this island, who construct most of their dwelling houses with it.

Returning from the quarries, we had a most luxurious prospect of the vale that leads from the marshes of Gurnet to Alvington forest. The trees grow down on both sides to its bottom, and it is terminated by the mountains of Carisbrook and Gatcombe.

From hence we struck down to the seat of Mr. Collins, at Egypt, the northernmost point of the island, and passed the land we



had so frequently viewed from the Hampshire shores. Eaglehurst and Calshot Castle are the most remarkable objects from hence, and are greatly adorned by the wood and water that encircle them.

Now striking into the road that leads to Cowes, we passed the church, and, descending the hill, entered the town,—having viewed the island in every direction that a horse road would afford.

## SECTION XXIV.

“ **F**ROM amber shrouds I see the morning rise ;  
 “ Her rosy hands begin to paint the skies ;  
 “ High cliffs and rocks are pleasing objects now,  
 “ And Nature smiles upon the mountain’s brow ;  
 “ The joyful birds salute the sun’s approach ;  
 “ The sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy coach ;  
 “ While from his car the dropping gems distil.”—

LEE.

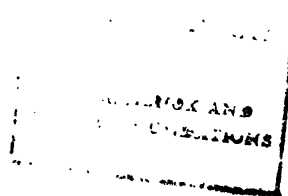
In an hour like this,—with the mind awake  
 to every sensation such a cheerful morning,  
 amidst such pleasing scenes, could inspire,—  
 did we commence our voyage, in order to  
 take a view of the different shores of the  
 island from the circumambient sea.

We are embarked ;—the sails shiver in the  
 wind ;—the tide has begun to ebb ;—and we  
 leave the harbour of West Cowes. Stretch-  
 ing to the northward, we cleared Old-Castle  
 point, where, as already mentioned, there  
 was formerly a fortification, of which only  
 a part of the scite at present remains.

The point, as we passed it, received no inconsiderable addition to its beauty from the blooming rays of the morning.—The woods and shrubs by which it is covered, descended to the shore, and produced a clear view of its fascinating banks.—In this respect, the shore was pleasingly lined, without too much formality.

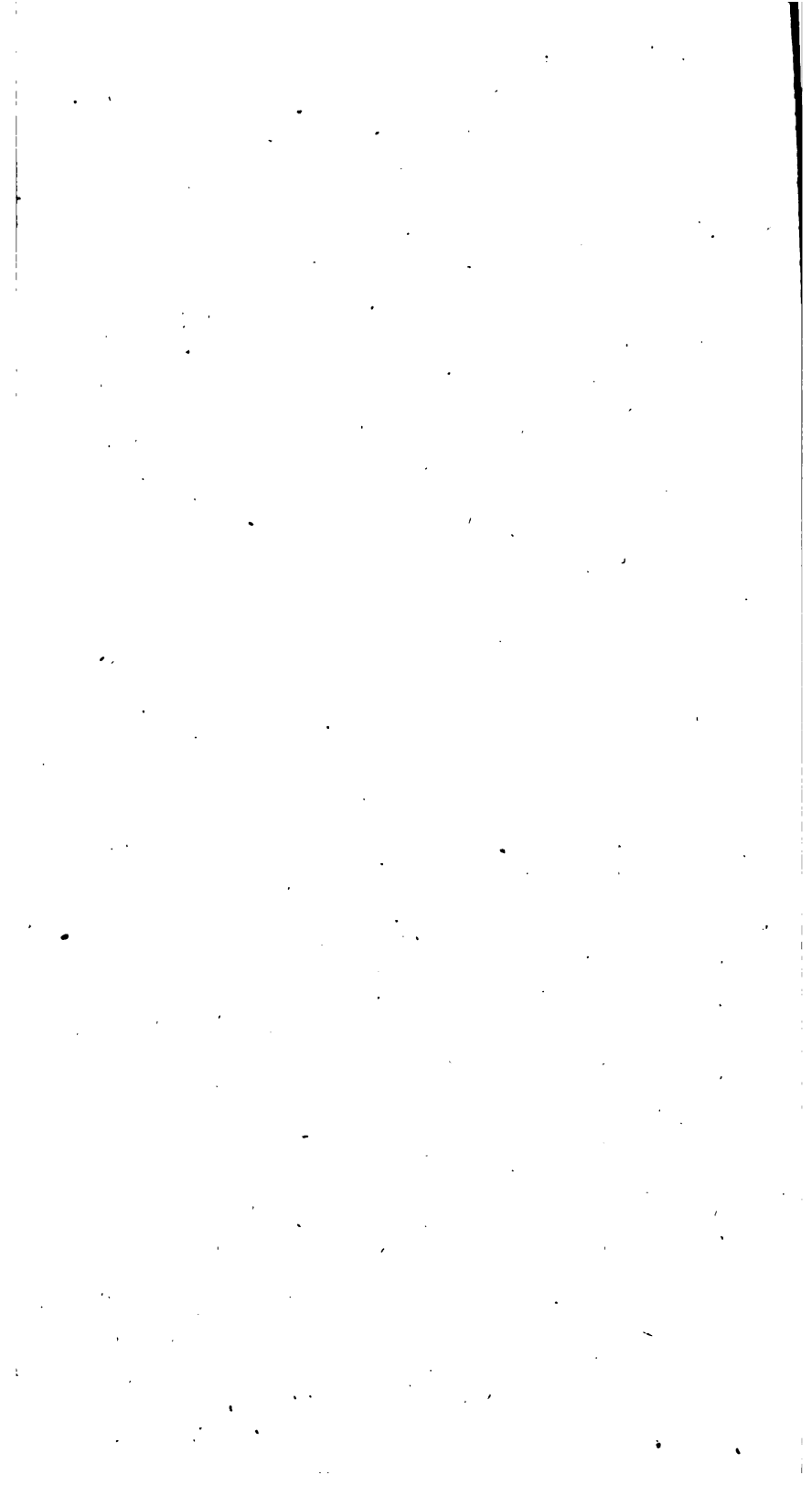
Standing in with it, we passed down the east side of Osborne, of which we had a good view ; as we likewise had of Norris sea-mark. —The former of these is seen to advantage, in one point of view, from the water ; but in all others, its beauties are obscured by the great number of oaks that surround it.

Verging still on the shore, we passed the spot where Barton house stands ; and sailing on, came to the screens of wood that range down the extremities of King key. The principal trees which compose these screens are oaks, and they shone in every luxuriance that a mist, breaking over their tops, through the attractive power of the sun, could produce. A creek enters here, and runs inland  
for









for some way ; but it is very inconsiderable, both as to its depth and grandeur.

Continuing our course along the same kind of shore, we arrived at Fishborne creek.—This sweet spot we had already coasted from the mill to the sea, as mentioned in a former account of it ; therefore nothing more than we had then seen broke on our sight, except the sun dispelling the vapours of the morning, which hid the highest summits of Ashey down.

We observed with pleasure that the valley was in a perfect light, while the tops of the surrounding mountains were buried in total oblivion by the hazy dew.—Many are the transits of light ; and greatly different are the effects of the morning and evening.—The colouring at these times vary so much, that it requires intense study to convey properly by the pencil every tint which proclaims a sun-rise.

The most forcible tint on the sun's ascending the horizon, is a bright yellow, and  
entirely



entirely free from those reds that attend an evening declination ;—grey gleams usually accompany its ascension ; and if not too strong, they dispel in a short time after it is risen. When these clouds become of a more obstinate texture, they commonly obscure the sun for some time ;—at that moment the colouring becomes a deep mazarine blue, with tinges of white above its centre, and strong lines of warm yellow at the bottom.

During all these effects, the sea receives an astonishing diversity of shades, but particularly a bright Saxon green. If the light can break anywhere on the fore-ground through the cloud, the other parts in shade nearly correspond with the depth of colour in the cloud ; while the surf that beats on the shore, being strongly impregnated with sand, shines in a light ochre.

As I have frequently watched the breaking of the morning on the island, I generally observed these effects to be produced ; especially in September. — During that month

month a sun-set gives finer colours than at any other time of the year; which may be attributed to the great strength of the vapours that are then exhaled from the vallies, and produce stronger colours;—and these, when seen in the distance, have all that fire and warmth with which Mr. Louthembourg so finely pourtrays such scenes after Nature.

This glow in the works of the artist just mentioned, I have often heard severely censured, as being unnatural;—but from the frequent opportunities I have had of comparing his works with the operations of Nature, I may venture to say, that he approaches as near to Nature as any living artist. And although his works have furnished a subject for the satirical pen of Peter Pindar, I must add, that I should be happy if I could discern as much true taste and judgment in the pen of the latter, as in the elegant and natural pencil of the former.

Passing Fish house and the woods of  
Quarr

Quarr Abbey, we tacked to the eastern extremity of the Mother Bank, where the view extended from the entrance of Southampton water to that of Portsmouth harbour. — Little else presented itself more than what we had seen on our passage to the island.

A large recess of water intrudes on the lands near Quarr Abbey.—Here was formerly a stone quarry of some consideration, but now little use is made of it.

Still coasting the island, we passed the village of Ride, which, as already observed, exhibits a perfect *fac simile* of Vangoen's designs. The houses hang on the water's edge, with a few formal trees about them;—they appear to be small,—many of them mere cabbins. Nothing interesting is visible near this place.

We continued tacking till we made Apple, where several points break at once on the sight. The shore here is very rocky, and formerly produced a great quantity of durable

endurable stone ; but as the beach is very dangerous, and it was deemed unsafe to venture on it, the principal quarries worked at this time on the island are those of Gurnet:

A little farther on is Old Fort, where the land is more diversified.—Near it are some salt works.

The same kind of shore presented itself till we had got beyond Nettlestone Priory.—A great quantity of rock has here fallen from the cliffs, and, tinged by the iron ore that lies among it, gives a diversity of colouring.—The shores are also strongly infused with copperas, and have frequently a similar appearance to what we saw at Alum Bay ; but they have not that variety of boldness. Just at the bottom of the hill of St. Helen's we had a good view of the Old Church sea-mark, which we gave some account of when treating of that spot.

Crossing from St. Helen's point to that of Bimbridge, we had a very distinct view of  
the

the vale which reaches from Brading to Appuldurcombe. We have already observed, that the great quantities of sand which is continually drifting into the harbour, off the mouth of which we now were, had rendered ineffectual every attempt to make it a receptacle for ships of burden.—Many experiments for that purpose, excited by the apparent utility of the plan, have been made; but they have all proved fruitless.

Leaving the sandy point of Bimbridge, we next came to the eastern extremity of the island, to which the name of Foreland point is given.—Here the cliffs begin to assume another appearance, with regard to the soil.—A fine sandy beach extends the whole of the way from the Foreland, over Bimbridge ledge, to Culver cliffs.

These cliffs are very high, and, like those of Freshwater, appear white and grey, with small interpositions of verdure clinging to their surface.—They are inhabited, as already noticed, chiefly by gulls.—This species

cies having been driven by the puffings and other birds from Mainbench and the Needles, take up their residence here ; and one peculiarity relative to them is worthy of notice :—It is not uncommon to see many hundreds of them floating on the water, without any other motion than the billows occasion ; during which they keep in a direct line, not one of them being in the least before the other, and in a close compacted order ;—the young ones especially sometimes preserve this regular position for many successive hours.

Wild ducks are also found on this coast in great profusion ; but it is very difficult to get near them, as they dive at the most distant approach of danger ;—the only time to get a shot at them, is the moment they recover the surface of the water from their immersion.

In this cliff there is a cavity, which the country people tell you was formerly a hermit's cell ; but from its situation, with regard to the tide, which frequently flows  
into

into it, I somewhat doubt the validity of these good peoples conjecture.—The hole extends to a considerable depth, but has nothing to recommend it to notice, except its dreary sides.

As we skirted along Sandown bay, as close to the shore as the depth of water would permit, we found that the bottom consisted of a fine hard sand, and ran off with a gradual descent from the cliffs.—The downs of Yaverland, viewed from it, appeared very high, and gave a noble effect to the bay.

## SECTION XXV.

**T**HE next attractive object from the water is the beautiful situation and prospect of Mr. Wilkes's seat. — When viewed from hence, it has a much handsomer appearance than from any nearer point; — and much I doubt which claims the preference, — the view of it from the water, or its own prospects of the water. — Indeed both are alike interesting and deserving of notice.

More to the southward of the valley the rocks assume a deeper die, and a part of them are perfectly black. — This appearance arises from the nature of the soil, which, from the pieces of earth found on the beach, much resembles slate, only of a darker hue, and of a softer texture. Shewing some specimens of this earth to a gentleman well-versed in natural history and mineralogy, he informed us, that wherever such a substance is met with, it is a certain indication that veins of coals are near. This in-



formation seems to confirm the account we had before received, of there having formerly been coal mines in these parts belonging to the Worsley family, but which had long ceased working, the produce of them not having proved adequate to the expence.

Joined to the several specimens of minerals, we observed the rocks at low water to be covered with weeds of uncommon brightness, which proved a fine contrast to the gloomy colouring of the cliffs.

A fish of a peculiar nature, called a sand eel, is found in this bay, and here only; in size they seldom exceed three or four inches; are very thin; and resemble a smelt, both in colour and fragrance.—The manner in which they are taken is very simple.—The fishermen, at low water, turn up the sand with a three-pronged fork; when the fish, which lie buried therein, leap out, and are taken.—Great quantities are caught here by this method.

Another

Another particular species of fish is likewise seen here in equal abundance, to which they give the name of Sandhopper, from its motion, which consists of a hop or bound, like that of a grasshopper; in all other respects it resembles a shrimp, as well in make as in colour. At low water they lie in vast numbers on the shore, and furnish the hogs in the neighbourhood with an excellent and nutritious repast. As soon as the tide goes down, many of these animals resort regularly to the beach, where they devour them with great voluptuousness.

As we passed Shanklin Chine, it lost no share of its grandeur, but rather appeared to greater advantage; especially the ascents of Horse lodge; which form the southern extremity of this bay.—The sides of these are abruptly broken, and are pleasingly irregular; with frequent traces of channels caused by the impetuous streams of torrents. The colouring with which the surface of this rock is tinted, is in general black and cold, without a sufficient quantity of shrubs or moss to variegate it.

The next object that attracted our attention was Dunnose, a point of rocky land lying to the southward of Luccombe chine. The shore here is thickly strewed with iron ore and copperas, and has a very disagreeable appearance from the water.

Over this, when the vessel kept to windward, in order to weather the point, the downs of Luccombe and St. Boniface seemed to clash near on its awful pendant sides; and appeared a terrific object.—The ascent of this tremendous rock, from low-water mark to the top of the downs, is near seven hundred feet.—Some idea of its extreme elevation may be formed from the appearance of the sheep that graze on its sides.—Viewed from the vessel we were in, as she was sailing on, at no great distance from the shore, they appeared like small white dots, devoid of all resemblance to their natural shape.—Even the adjacent chine of Luccombe did not command that attention as when you descend it from its vale.

On account of the great number of rocks  
which

which stretch from hence into the sea, this coast is dangerous for ships of burden, and hazardous to any vessel larger than a wherry.

The day beginning to close very fast, when we had reached thus far, we found ourselves obliged to make for Steephill, in order to pass the night.—The coast continued all the way to that place in the same rugged uncouth stile ; forming nothing but cliffs, and a few waterfalls.—Of these we had not a sufficient sight when we passed it before in our land excursion, but being now on a level with it, we were able to pay more attention to it.

Some of the cliffs are white, others more of a clayey nature, but equally picturesque, being adorned with clinging shrubs.—A few boat-houses belonging to fishermen, with their baskets for catching crabs lying near them, are the chief objects, except the rocks that adorn the fore-grounds, and two or three staved boats.—A small waterfall likewise, that forced itself over a large stone,

and made its way to the sea, rushed very rudely and picturesquely through a few shrubs, which encircle its course, and thrive with the nutriment it affords.

The hills of Bonchurch appeared as a very pleasing contrast to the white cliffs which bordered on the shore, together with noble masses of rocks, finely variegated with moss, ivy, and young sucklings.—The cottages in sight have every rude beauty befitting so admirable a composition, and rather add sublimity to the subject than otherwise.

With great caution our seamen conducted us to Ventnor mill.—This object loses its precedence when seen in any other point of view than near ;—indeed nothing but its novelty entitles it to attention.

This mill, at its head, has a double pond; and when, through a heavy rain, the water pours with universal violence from the mountains, the people belonging to it immediately

mediately give it vent, otherwise the whole fabric would be washed into the sea.

The variety that is visible between Culver cliffs and this spot exceeds credibility.

The wind dying away, and the tide making in very strongly from the westward, we now betook ourselves to a wherry, and landed under Steephill.

We had once before taken up our residence at the inn at Steephill ; and then, as well as now, we met with every accommodation we could wish for ;—and, upon occasion, three or four travellers may be accommodated for the night ;—but when a party visits it, I would hint to them, that more than the foregoing number cannot sleep there with convenience.

The house of the honourable Mr. Tollemache, before described, is from hence a desirable object, but too much secluded from the sight by the quantity of wood

that surrounds it.—At a greater distance I have not the smallest doubt of its becoming still more interesting.—And indeed we found this observation verified upon looking back, as we passed it, the next day.

The hills of Steephill range with great beauty, when viewed from the sea, and are not much surpassed by any in the island.—What most claimed our admiration in this spot was the combination of the rocks, and, at the same time, the diversity of them.—At Allum Bay scarce any shrubs cover the rocks there; they are not however less beautiful on that account; for as they lie in large masses, shrubs meanly scattered would only ruin the effect.

Here the rocks are solid, with squarer angles; they are notwithstanding finely harmonized, and abound with all the boasts of Nature to complete the sight. This part would suffer much in beauty were it not for the verdure which skirts its sides.—

Immenſe

Immense dells would otherwise continually present what Nature has so happily thrown into shadow, and thus relieved the eye from being hurt by its defects.

SECTION



## SECTION XXVI.

**I**N the morning we re-embarked, and stood again to sea, in order to avoid the dangerous consequences of its rugged bottom near shore.—When the tide flows gently in, and the water just covers the tops of these lurking rocks, unless you have a fisherman, or at least a native of the coast, with you, you stand a chance of having your boat stove by them.—Even experienced seamen are disagreeably situated when they land here, without being well acquainted with the coast.

Proceeding now close to the shore of Undercliff, or Underwath, as the country people sometimes term it, we found the appearance of the coast very changeable, but highly tinted with its hanging woods and variegated soil.—At every avenue that would admit of it, some broken bold promontory struck the sight, and continually closed the side screens.—These mountainous tracks often presented greater beauties when seen  
from

from the sea, than when we were between them and the cliffs that bordered on the strand.

At the time we had passed Undercliff on horseback, the shore was entirely hid from us, and we could see nothing but the downs, which hung shelving over our heads;—but now we reaped every advantage that distance could give, as it blended the heights with all that composes landscape; namely, rock, wood, mountains, and water.

The village of St. Lawrence presents a greater degree of novelty than of grandeur; it however serves to relieve the disagreeable appearance that the shore is at intervals possessed of. A number of boat-houses are seen, belonging to the fishermen; who, between the employment of fishing, which they follow as often as the weather will permit, and occasional labour on shore, gain a comfortable winter subsistence.

We observed here the small cascade, which, as already mentioned, had been magnified,

magnified, by a gentleman who wrote a tour round the island, into a size that impressed the mind with the expectation of seeing a Switzerland cataract.—Though in point of magnitude it is far short of what, from that account, we were taught to expect, it is upon the whole pleasing.—The shrubs that grow from its sides act in harmony with the other parts, and give an agreeable glow to the rest of the tints,—making a small desirable study.

Still tracing the shore, we met nearly with the same objects that had ranged the foregoing parts, particularly the rocks and shrubs, till we came to the rocks which terminate the range of Undercliff, near Crab Niton.

We have already mentioned that the village of Niton receives the additional denomination of *Crab*, from the fish of that name, which abound on its shore ;—but we did not then add, as we should have done, that this term gives great offence to the inhabitants, who generally conceive that it is meant to denote

denote their being *crabbed*, or ill-natured.— They therefore, whenever their place of residence is mentioned, and the word crab attached to it, immediately take offence, and are ready to resent the supposed indignity.

The fact is, that the term is given to it to distinguish it from another place in the island, which sounds the same, though it is not spelt in the same manner; namely, Knighton, near Newchurch, where Mr. Bisset's seat is. We have been thus particular relative to so trivial a circumstance, as the want of a knowledge of it might subject a stranger, who may inadvertently ask the road to it, to a churlish reply, if not to a downright affront.

The break of rocks from the termination of Old park to that of Niton down, where it again commences, is near half a mile.— The opening leads to the Newport road; and likewise to Godshill and Whitwell, which lie behind the downs that encircle the shore,

A little farther to the westward, we arrived at the southernmost point of the island, well known both by the name of St. Catherine's and Rocken-Race end;—a part that could not but be agreeable to us, as near it we experienced the hospitality of the farmer, whose benevolence and enviable situation we have before spoken of, and would wish to commemorate upon all occasions.

These rocks, which finally terminate the range of Underwath, are higher than any of the others.—Sir Richard Worfleſey ſays, that the hill of St. Catherine's, from its top to the water's edge, meaſures ſeven hundred and fifty feet;—judging from its appearance, I think the depth rather greater.

When viewed from even a ſmall diſtance, they appear more like fortifications than any other object I can think of.—Joined to the awfulneſs which they naturally inſpire, they poſſeſs an eminent degree of that ſpecimen of Nature we ſeldom meet with. The terrific aſcent of St. Catherine's  
is

is well verdured ; and though bold in its declination towards the sea, has nothing disgusting in its appearance.—A valley, apparently formed by art, ranges round the westernmost part of it.—Near the bottom, on the easternmost side, is a fertile spot, with several cottages on its cheerful brow.—The trees also exhibit a convincing proof of the prevalence of the westerly winds, as they all bend their lofty tops towards the mountain.

Having weathered the point of Rocken end, an entire new scene presented itself.—Chale's dangerous bay first encountered the sight.—Of this we had taken a thorough view before, and nothing new was observable, but a still greater deformity in its uncouth, restless, billowy shore.

The principal objects from it are Walpan and Blackgang chines, with the dropping well of the latter.—All this part is possessed of that kind of appearance which, while it excites horror, still pleases the imagination ; as we see Nature running riot,  
and

and overleaping all bounds.—But while ~~the~~ thus pleases the speculative traveller, ~~the~~ appears terrific to those whom chance or accident may drive upon the coast. When viewed from the shore, the rolling billows, tinged with refracted rays of light, convey exquisite pleasure to the mind ; but at the same time they may be fraught with destruction to the unfortunate mariner.—There is scarcely perhaps a spot in the universe more peculiarly adapted to excite these opponent sensations than Chale bay.

Little of novelty is to be met with from hence to Freshwater, except the small variation in the downs of Brixton and Cheverton.—The valley between these downs and the sea is entirely hid from the sight.

Passing Atherfield point and Compton chine, we entered the bay of Brixton, where the sea rolled in with increased fury, and became really tremendous :—its foaming billows tore up the sand on the beach, and died the water ; giving, at the same time, a specimen of their usual depredations.

tions on the shore. There is great reason to believe, that if the sea continues these incursions with the incessant violence it has done for the last ten years, that in a few centuries this bay will vie with that of Sandown in extent, though it will never be able to equal it in grandeur or nobleness.

The chine named Jackman's, is the principal one in the bay.—This leads to Brixton village, where the brook already described passes through from Mottistone.

Still coasting on, we passed Brook chine and Compton village, when we reached the bay of Freshwater, the romantic beauties of which had before excited our warmest feelings; and these we now re-enjoyed.—Here the craggy rocks of Undercliff are entirely lost to the sight.

All the way from the cave along the Main bench, are a number of chafms in the cliffs, some rent half way down, with continual recesses and caves at the bottom. Various kinds of the exotic feathered race are their  
 Vol. II. L inhabitants;



habitants ; who, like the solitary lapwing, avoid the haunts of man.

Few places can produce a finer study for reflections.—The rocks, though not picturesque themselves, have great charms when imprinted on the subjacent mirror ;—their tints are then finely harmonized, and give noble broad effects of shadow.—They are composed, in a great measure, of grey flint, which, when blended with the shrubs, is rather pleasing than picturesque.

Several springs, that flow from the sides of the mountain, precipitate themselves into the sea ; but they all appear too contemptible for the pencil.

Passing the cliffs of Main bench, we once more arrived at the Needles, and from thence entered Allum bay ; but were obliged to keep a considerable distance from the shore, as we had done all the way from Steephill. From the water, the land has a remarkably beautiful and picturesque appearance.—Its variegation and sudden knolls

knolls are not among the least of its beauties.—The abrupt ridges, and small falls of water, are also very interesting.—When a stream issues near five hundred feet from the surface of the ground, and precipitates from that height, though it might be but small, it cannot fail of giving pleasure to the spectator.

Such a fall may also be accounted picturesque, though it does not deserve the appellation of grand.—The continual interruption the stream meets with from the clumps that accidentally lie in its way, are however of great utility to an artist.—It is only enlarging the stream and diminishing the rocks, and a representation of this spot in a picture might delude you into a belief that it was a Switzerland beauty.

These little liberties are allowable to an artist, except when an exact representation of the spot is required ;—and even then he may enlarge the waterfall to

any dimensions, as in the rainy season it is a perfect torrent; but when the swell is over, it assumes its former moderate size.

## SECTION XXVII.

**T**HE appearance of the coast is nearly the same throughout the whole way to Totland bay and Warden ledge, with only a small variation in parts where the devastation of the ocean has implanted a greater degree of horror. It is not uncommon to see large crags overhanging a broad beach, the sea having undermined them for a considerable depth, and left clumps of earth and stones, so firmly cemented, that they sometimes hang in this position for many months, terrific in appearance, and a dread to the miners.—We were however assured that they seldom remain in this state above two winters, and, even when brought to a level, they are for a long time a continual nuisance.

The point of Carey's sponce introduced us to Yarmouth road.—This is the nearest projection of the island to the neck of land on which Hurst castle stands.—It was between these two points that, according to

some writers, waggons loaded with tin used to pass over at low water, in order to transport that metal from Cornwall to this island, from whence it was shipped to France.—An absurdity that, in my opinion, is too apparent to need refutation.

For, as a convincing proof that this strait could never have been passable for carriages, it is to be remarked, that the tide always begins to flow at the Needles before it is low water in Portsmouth harbour ; consequently there must always be a considerable depth of water here.

From this circumstance it is highly improbable that a passage was ever attempted here.—Besides, we find that Southampton was one of the first sea ports erected on the western coast, and that it was, from the earliest times, the mart to which foreign ships resorted.—So that there does not appear to have been any occasion for the Cornish people to bring their tin by so hazardous a passage to the Isle of Wight, in order to export it.

It

It has likewise been thought by some, that this point of land was anciently united to that on which Hurst castle stands ;—but from this opinion I must also beg leave to dissent.—From the depth of the channel, the solidity of the bottom, and the non-appearance of any broken rocks, like the Needles, on either shore, I think I may venture to say that the conjecture does not seem to be well founded.

If such an union ever did exist, it must have been at a very early period ;—but then, as it is most reasonable to suppose such a separation to have been occasioned by some violent concussion of the earth, it might have been expected that marks of so sudden a disjunction would still have been visible.

Yarmouth road is much frequented by his majesty's cruizers that are stationed in the channel for the prevention of smuggling ; and whose efforts in that point, to the satisfaction of the fair trader, have lately been attended with great success.

They are peculiarly indebted for this benefit to the commander of the *Hebe*, whose courage, prudence, and humanity, are so conspicuous, as to have gained him not only the esteem of those to whom his exertions are serviceable, but even of the smugglers themselves. So much celebrated is he for the latter virtue, that happening while there to mention the name of the captain of the *Hebe*, I was asked by a seaman present, whether I meant the *lenient Thornborough*.

Yarmouth is also well known to the gentlemen of the navy for the hospitality of a naval officer's house in that town, whose owner, I believe, seldom wants company while a man of war lies in the road.

Leaving the river Yar, or, as it is generally called, Freshwater lake, on our right, we continued to skirt the coast; which, for a considerable distance, exhibits one of those unmeaning features in landscape that neither attracts nor pleases the sight. The beach is comfortless, with a few insignificant

significant broken masses and clumps, but it wanted at this time both colouring and verdure.

About two miles from Yarmouth it assumes a gayer face, as it here forms the northernmost ridge of mountains; but from the sea they are soon lost to the sight, and appear to fall rather picturesquely. These mountains chiefly encircle the water of Shal-  
fleet, and, when seen from Newtown, are a leading beauty to the lake.

A quantity of limestone, and abrupt promontories, constitute the character of this shore, and in many parts it is well tinted; In not a few of these scenes there was, however, a want of variety to make them interesting; for we often saw noble masses of earth in picturesque shapes, and pleasingly irregular, but, at the same time, devoid of the principal beauty, that of colouring.

One spot gives you a chill, comfortless, gloomy black; another, perhaps, is of an ochre; and these tints of themselves are  
insipid;



insipid ; but when the former has thrown off its first surly appearance, and verges towards a grey, collecting about it a few briars and weeds, it then becomes poetical, and gives satisfaction.

These scenes are very frequent, and they must be accounted for by supposing that Nature has just massed her dead colouring.

The ochre of itself is likewise hurtful to the eyes when divested of the fragments of lovely moss and clinging lichens ; and, if any thing, less pleasing than the former ;—but, on the other hand, just cast its natural shrubs upon it, with here and there a small chasm, and an abrupt piece of limestone, over which the verdure ruggedly falls in pleasing confusion, and it immediately becomes a study.

In short, the sports of Nature are so various, that I scarcely remember to have ever seen, in the distance of half a mile, two spots exactly resembling each other. It is but a weary fruitless jaunt to endeavour  
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your to overtake Nature. Imagination presents to my view an artist who has arrived at a scene, where, after having used his utmost efforts, he produces a copy that nearly equals the original ;—and he thinks himself particularly happy : but on doubling a small bay or promontory, a fresh scene presents itself, that baffles all his skill, and damps every expectation of being able to outdo it.—But still the mind of man is Nature ; and while he pursues nobler objects than he can describe or pourtray, he gives us a faint emblem of Nature attempting to exceed herself.

But few novelties are to be seen along this styleless shore.—The sea forms several small bays, which rather alleviate the coarse lines of the cliffs, and raise the imagination to expect at every curve some brilliant copse, or towering hill, to ease the wearisome lines.

Passing the flat point of Newtown haven, we entered Shalfleet lake, where splend-  
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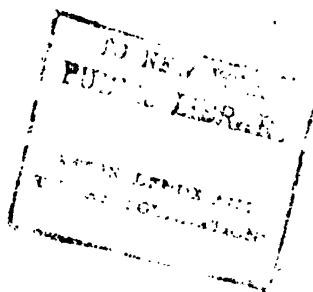
ed hills encircle the unfullied serpentine mirror.

From thence we proceeded to Thorne's bay, the shores of which are more picturesque, and are assisted by the principal beauties of landscape, viz. a profusion of wood and rock. The coast continues edging towards the north, and forms several recesses, where frequent rills rush down the uncouth cliffs.

Weathering another point, we entered Gurnet bay; the repository, as before observed, of the stone with which the fortifications of Portsmouth are constructed.—We found here two boats loading with the produce of the quarries, which, as likewise observed, daily attend from that place.

The only part of this bay that afforded an agreeable picture of the land, was from the opening which looks towards the Carisbrook hills. The valley is extremely fertile and well wooded, and ranges in pleasing forms, till the mountains close the sight.

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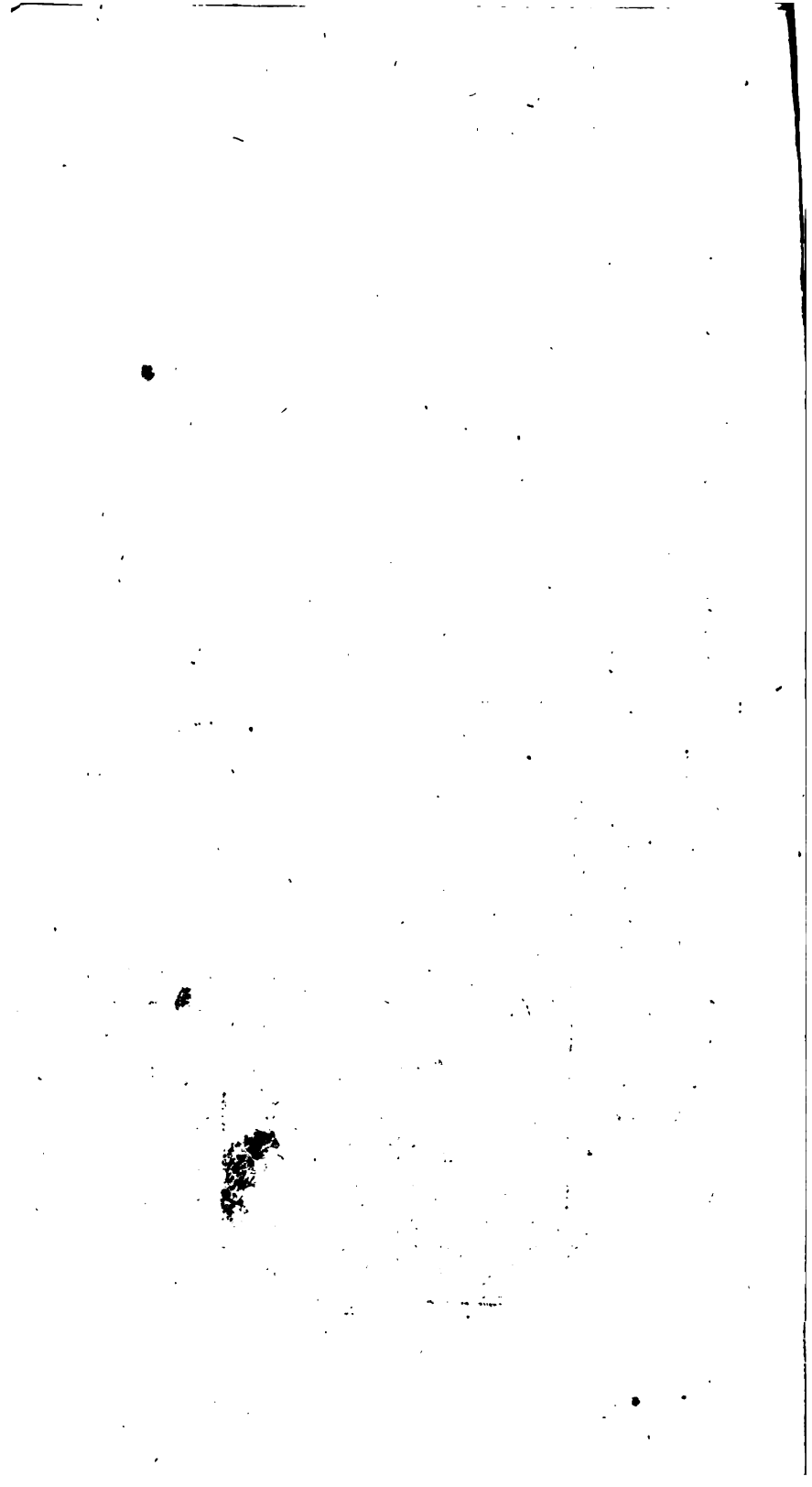


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This scene is peculiarly picturesque towards the conclusion of the day, when the shadows are broad and the colouring chaste; at other times it appears rather crowded and confused ;—but when seen with a proper colouring, it is equal to any of the rural scenes of the island.

The time of day, when we view an object in landscape, and the colouring then on it, prepossesses us in its favour, or prejudices us against it.—Thus what is all beauty in a morning sun, is obscurity in the evening.—Therefore if a scene which is grand and noble presents itself, I always make a point, when time will admit, to take a view of it both at the dawn and at the close of day; and, from such an attention, stronger ideas, I am convinced, may be imbibed even from one scene, than from many, partially viewed.

Stretching now for the Brambles, we tacked, and once more passed Cowes castle; when we entered the harbour, having received the highest satisfaction from an aquatic

aquatic tour of two days, during which we had encircled the island, and taken a view of the different scenes it exhibited from the sea.

We have now finished our account of this pleasant, fertile, and happy spot; and from the observations we had an opportunity of making during our stay, we were confirmed in the opinion which had induced us to visit it,—that for beauty and picturesque views, select parts of it scarcely exceeded by those on any other of the coasts.

The pleasing variety of hill and dale which it abounds,—the delightful situation of the gentlemen's seats,—the venerable remains of antiquity,—the rich and extensive sea views that every where present themselves,—and, above all, the grand and noble craggy cliffs, which at once serve as a natural fortification to the island, and exhibit the most magnificent and awful scenes;—all these combined must naturally excite the curiosity of every admirer of the superb  
works



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works of Nature ;—and, at the same time, they account for the frequent visits that are made to the island.—Indeed I know not where a party engaged on a pleasurable scheme could find their expectations more fully gratified ;—to which, I think, I might add, the natural civility and hospitality of the inhabitants at large do not a little contribute.

## SECTION XXVIII.

**T**HE morning subsequent to our return from the circumnavigation before described, we left Cowes, and, after an agreeable passage, landed at Southampton. To recite the particulars of our passage, as we have already given a description of both the shores of Hampton water, will be needless. The only novelty that presented itself was Eaglehurst; which from the water makes rather a confused appearance.

Our former observations on the road between Southampton and Redbridge, were made at a time when we found nothing very attractive in it;—but now a morning light, glimmering through the lofty poplars which surround Woolson, extended its force to the adjacent hamlet, and just tipping the tower of Millbrook church, spread its radiance over the oaken copse that obscured the village.

The beach, which at that time, from its  
being

being ebb tide, afforded a passage for carriages, was now covered with a noble sheet of water, and stretched itself to the foreground. The opposite shores of Eling, cloathed in a forest mantle, had just assumed their morning vesture, and reached to the rural vale of Redbridge, where the woody promontories of the western side of the river Teste disclosed a luxurious display of distant landscape, and closed the view. The light that gave this new appearance to the scene was partial;—glancing down the mid channel, it ran to the offskip, where, gradually dwindling to the adjacent hills, it left them in a pleasing obscurity.

As we pursued our former track from Southampton to Wootton, the well-known prophecy of the celebrated Nixon was suddenly brought to our recollection by a man at one of the turnpike gates putting out a hand, on which were two thumbs, to receive the toll. Our attention was the more attracted by this phenomenon, as we had just before seen another man, plying on Southampton quay, with a similar excres-



cence on his hand ;—and our surprise was still further excited by being informed that there was a third person, living near Andover, who was rendered remarkable by the same singularity.

That three men, in the same county, and two of them residing within a few miles of each other, should exhibit such a singular proof of the sportings of Nature, I own, excited our wonder ;— but that wonder could be but of short duration in the minds of those who had been witnesses to so many of her wanton gambols, and whose employment it had been to search out her most secret haunts, and to trace her most eccentric deviations.

The first space we entered on the New Forest, in the road to Stony Cross, was a circular lawn, surrounded with oaks.—This continued for near two miles, when we penetrated into the very heart of this extensive tract.

The high roads through the forest are  
superior

superior to most in England.—At every season of the year they are remarkably dry; and though the sod on both sides, even in the middle of summer, is swampy, the roads themselves, which are chiefly composed of gravel, are at all times easy and pleasant to travel on.

We passed several spots of immured grandeur, and had constant proofs of their utility in point of fore-grounds. At every turn a bold woody promontory assisted as a side screen, and fell in with those gradual unperceived softnesses of easy sloping lines, which heightened in some degree the view.

Several small recesses and breaks in the forest appeared to lead up to some extensive mansion, and frequently allured us to enjoy their solitary pleasures ;—but we met with no house in any of these avenues till we reached the five-mile stone, where we found the hospitable mansion of Mr. Gilbert.

We had not sufficient time to inspect this gentleman's house, but we heard the worthiness of its owner spoken of wherever we stopped. We were also informed that he generally passes the month of April at Lindhurst, where his hounds are joined by those of Mr. Groves, from Wiltshire.

During this time, many of the most respectable of the neighbouring gentlemen, who subscribe to the support of the united packs, resort to Lindhurst, to enjoy the diversion of hunting.—Among them we frequently heard the name of the honourable Mr. Fane mentioned, and always with some epithet annexed to it conveying praise.

While the hounds are here, preparations are generally made for the accommodation of fifty gentlemen, and a dinner is daily provided for them; to announce which the inn bell is rung exactly at four o'clock.—The inhabitants of the town reap no little advantage from these meetings; nor are they backward in expressing their grateful  
acknow-

acknowledgements for the benefit they receive.

Leaving Mr. Gilbert's house on the left hand, we proceeded through a continual range of cover till we arrived at the summit of Stony-Cross hill.—In our prior route through the eastern part of the forest, we had frequently seen this hill ;—it had always bounded our distance ; and though of no very considerable height, has, in our opinion, the superiority over most of the hills in the forest.

Near the bottom of the hill, on the left hand, stands a pedestal, erected by the late lord Delawar, in commemoration of the fatal catastrophe that befel William Rufus.—It consists of a plain stone, of a triangular form, with a small round ball on the top, and has the following inscriptions on its sides.

#### On the first side,

##### I.

“ Here stood the oak tree, on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrell at a stag, glanced, and struck king Wil-

liam the Second, surnamed Rufus, in the breast, of which he instantly died, on the second day of August, anno 1100."

### On the second side.

#### II.

" King William the Second, surnamed Rufus, being slain, as is before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkis, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral church of that city."

### On the third side.

#### III.

Anno 1745.

" That where an event so memorable had happened might not be hereafter unknown, this stone was set up by John lord Delawar, who has seen the tree growing in this place."

### Underneath.

" This stone was repaired by John Richard earl Delawar, anno 1789."

Beneath the inscription on the first side has lately been placed the following memorandum:

" This spot was visited by king George the Third and queen Charlotte, on the 27th of June, MDCCLXXXIX."

Our

Our expectations were not a little disappointed on taking a view of this memorable spot.—We expected to have found a more elegant record of this singular historical event than the stone before us; which is not more than six feet high, without any avenue leading to it, and placed in the middle of a swampy piece of ground.—The pedestal is so immured in the recess of a wood that it is scarcely seen till you arrive within a few paces of it.

To the left of Stony Cross lay a deep twining dell of some extent, which glided very softly to the banks of the Solent, where the Isle of Wight, half obscured by a mist, bounded the distance.

The body of water that interposed between this part of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, appeared from Stony Cross but as a small rivulet; the distance being so considerable as to deprive it of its extent, and with that of its grandeur,

The vale just mentioned, at the time we

M 4

passed

passed it, was heavily coloured, and appeared rather as the residence of a nest of outlaws or robbers than a shelter for foxes, as it really is.—It was well wooded, and had many hills, pleasingly lined, in its composition ; all which terminated in a point at once picturesque and grand.

Passing Stony Crofs, we descended several steep hills, that led us to the mansion of lord Delawar.—This house, from its situation, commands extensive views ; but, at the same time, is in itself quite cheerless. A plain desert heath encounters the sight for many miles, without a sufficient accompaniment of those noble woody natives of the forest with which almost every other part we had viewed seemed to abound, to give it a cheerfulness.

At the back of this seat the range of wood which we had left at Stony Crofs takes a curve, and runs along a promontory to Lindhurst.—It affords great diversity in the back-grounds, and is continually presenting some delightful spot of Nature.—

**Nature.**—Sometimes, abruptly breaking the regular line, it extends picturesquely to a well-watered valley, which the imagination frequently supposes to be a lake formed by Nature; but, on the contrary, we seldom found any of these broad sheets of water deeper than the fetlocks of our horses; and they seemed to be rather the effects of rain than of springs.

Sudden breaks continue to the left for a very considerable distance, but still presenting the woody range. On our right hand a cover broke suddenly from an adjacent hill, and ran down to the banks of the Avon, where the limits of the New Forest broke up, and formed a bed for the river.

Proceeding onward, we arrived at Picked Post, where we formed the resolution of crossing to Lymington, and from thence to skirt the western boundaries of the forest along the banks of the Avon.

From the spot we were now on, the Dorsetshire hills assumed rather a singular  
than



than a pleasing appearance.— Sometimes they ran parallel for many miles ; their forms then were disgusting ; — at other times they assumed more of a mountainous aspect ; — and frequently broke abruptly, but still unpleasing.

There is no general rule by which a judgment is to be formed of the true situation of hills at a distance.— In some points the same hill that may have disgusted at first sight, possesses a thousand charms when seen in other points of view.

These hills in particular assume a ridgy formal appearance, when viewed from the New Forest ; but from lower grounds they blend finely in, and are very picturesque, affording easy and flowing lines.

• We declined going to Ringwood, though it lay nearly in our way, as we intended taking it when tracking the Avon.

Having refreshed ourselves and our horses, we proceeded to the village of Burleigh, near  
which

which, as already observed, stands a mansion of the same name ; and crossing to the right of the village, entered the heart of the forest.

In this manner we went on for a short time, till at length we found that the path we had pursued came to a termination ;—we were then obliged to seek out another, and make our way as well as we were able.

The rain having fallen constantly and heavily for several days before, it had left tracks in many places near two feet in depth.—But this was not the worst part of our situation ;—the soil being principally clay, our horses were frequently mired, and we were scarcely able to proceed.—And thus did we travel seven miles, every step of which was attended with extreme difficulty and fatigue.

About two miles from Burleigh we entered a warren on the forest, the inclosure of which we had been directed to follow, as far as the rails extended towards the east ;  
but

but these rails suddenly taking another direction, we were deprived of any further guidance from them; and had not the downs of Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, proved a cynosure to us, and convinced us that we were directing our course to the right point, we might have remained in the forest all the night.

I would therefore recommend it to those who are unused to travel through this intricate and extensive forest, to take the Lindhurst road from Burleigh, in their way to Lymington, which is both good and pleasant. Our reason for not following the advice we give was, that as we had before enjoyed all the pleasures that road could bestow, and now wished to view more of the internal parts of the forest, we pursued the wretched course just described.

The warren we passed through is well stocked with rabbits, and appears to be a spot properly adapted to the purpose of breeding those animals; for as few people,

ple, I believe, ever pass this way, they are but little disturbed, and but seldom destroyed.—And as it is situated at a considerable distance from any cultivated land, the farmers' grounds are not exposed to the depredations of its marauding inhabitants.

The badness of the road was however fully compensated by continual bursts of woody scenery, which were superb in the extreme; the oaks here being large and noble, with a profusion of verdure on them.

Here I must stop to remark, that these ancient tenants of the forest are said to be exposed to the attacks of private plunderers, who contribute more towards their decrease than the annual demands of the navy.

We were informed by some peasants, not unacquainted with the secret mode of procedure, that many persons have for a long time made a practice of depopulating this spot, as well as many other parts about Ironhill and Beaulieu, of the trees that grow on them.

To

To effect this purpose they are obliged to purchase the secrecy of those whom they employ ; but the emoluments arising from these depredations are more than adequate to every demand of that nature.—It is even said that fortunes have been amassed by them ; and I am well assured that if more attention be not paid by those in whose department it lies, to the security of the king's forests, the effects of these plunders will, ere long, be severely felt. As we went on, we continually met timber carriages, loaded with some of the finest trees, which we had reason to believe were not conveying to the royal yards.

Proceeding on, for a considerable way, through a continued grove, we arrived at a hand post, from which we expected to receive that information a hand post usually conveys to travellers ; but, to our disappointment, we found it divested of all its powers for that purpose.

As we entered the opening in which it stood, we had a delightful view before us.—

A well-

A well-grouped clump of trees formed the fore-ground, while the woody screens of Lindhurst verged to an expanded vale; the distant uplands of Fawley intercepting the view of the sea.

On our right hand the forest was no less gayly clad, with a hamlet here and there enlivening the scene. The distant hills ranged towards Hurst castle, where a glimmering light of the water stole between the Needles and Lymington.

It was a view rather adapted to the pencil, than to please every spectator.—The masses were grand, with fine sweeps;—the distances soft, and well coloured by the declining sun;—the Isle of Wight was near, and rose with majesty;—its cliffs were sweetly tinted by the all-cheering orb;—and their chalky sides appeared as if on fire;—while the moss and shrubs that thrived thereon contributed their share to render them beautiful in the extreme.—Nor did its other promontories show to less advantage.—The ochres and predominant red  
earths

earths were soft, and blended in harmonious confusion with each other.

Still continuing our way over this uncouth and incessant sod, we came to another hand post, which, like the former, was no longer of any use ;—it had two points to it, but the inscriptions, that had once directed the doubtful traveller, were now obliterated. In fine weather this road must be inviting ; but when the humid atmosphere pours down its moistening drops, all the views it exhibits scarcely repay the disagreeableness that attends passing it.

Crossing another glowing copse, we entered a bleak furzy heath, enriched with fern and briars.—In a distance, a mountain's side covered with these, just as they begin to turn and verge towards a bright ochre, are delicate colouring.—A hill thus coated on one part, and on another with oaks and ashes, at a distance, with a full glow of the sun, about the close of day, I have particularly remarked to be superior to any other in woody distances ; and it affords

affords every liberty in colouring.—Its foliage is more luxuriant to the sight, and more fully gratifies the imagination.

After a tedious ride from Burleigh, we arrived at Pitner's Pond, the termination of the forest towards Lymington. I believe the lane in which this place is situated is chiefly frequented by smugglers, who, notwithstanding all the exertions of government, still continue their illegal practices, with success, in the forest.

Indeed I know not a place where they could carry them on with greater security, there being an incredible number of avenues through the woods, many of which are seldom or ever frequented; and when they are, only by sportsmen.

Turning to the left, we once more arrived at Lymington; from which place we soon after set out on our route along the lower hills of the New Forest.



## SECTION XXIX.

**F**OR a few miles we passed nothing but hedge rows; the Needles frequently presenting themselves on our left; while on the other side a woody screen was the principal boundary, with scarcely any variation.

Passing Millford, we proceeded down the neck of land on which Hurst castle stands.— For a tract of at least a mile this point is composed chiefly of sand, without the least appearance of its ever having been more elevated above high-water mark than it is at present.

This castle, as before observed, was built by king Henry the Eighth, for a defence of the passage between the coast of Hampshire and the Needles. — There is a garrison usually kept in it; but it is now of no great consideration.—The most remarkable circumstance relative to it is, that king Charles the First, upon being removed from  
from

from Carisbrook castle, was confined in it till he was carried up to London by general Harrison, where, not long after, he was beheaded.

Returning again to the road, we pursued our intended track from Lymington to Christchurch.—Several rural scenes border on the road.—We could not help particularly noticing one, which lay about four miles from the first-mentioned place.

Near the five-mile stone stands, as we were informed, the seat of Mr. Lebrock.—Being on an elevated ground, it has a very extensive view of west end of the Isle of Wight, and also of the country that lies around it.—The house is built of brick, of a quadrangular form, and, as to its outside appearance, is quite plain.—The covers that surround it are very beautiful, and fall gradually and gracefully into each other.—For a fine air and a healthy situation, this mansion is certainly equal to any we had seen.

The road takes a turn round the foot of

Mr. Lebrock's grounds, and leads on till you arrive in sight of the seat of the earl of Bute; which viewed from hence, has very much the appearance of a castle of considerable strength.

A little beyond this, a small stream, crosses the road, and forms a cascade;—the fall is evidently the work of art; however, when viewed from the bottom of its course, though small, it has a pleasing effect.

A gloominess having begun to gather in the horizon, the apprehension of a storm hastened our speed.

We had now a complete prospect of the Dorsetshire hills; but their ridgy track could not give pleasure. The downs that formed the bed of Christchurch river had a sullen and gloomy appearance, without a single shrub, or the least verdure, to soften their harshness.

Before the storm that was brooding all around us vented its humid contents, we  
reached

reached the mansion of the earl of Bute. Knowing the taste and judgment of this nobleman in all the polite and useful arts, we had indulged ourselves with the pleasing expectation of viewing his celebrated collection of pictures.—This expectation however, as often happens in affairs of greater moment, was not to be gratified;—a sickness that prevailed in the family, and an apparent confusion among the domestics, obliged us to depart without being able to present a description of the house to our readers.

I had the pleasure of seeing several of the pieces that grace his lordship's rooms on the easel.—Among these were some by Mr. Ibbetson; the subject, smugglers; which have sufficiently established the name of that artist in the opinion of all those who have seen them.—The beauty of the colouring, the correctness of the drawing, and the excellence of the composition, render them inferior to no modern productions.

As we were deprived, from the before-mentioned circumstances, of viewing this

exquisite collection, so we likewise were of seeing any part of the inside of the house.

Its back front (for the other front being inclosed, we can give no account of it,) is what is generally termed superb;—to us however it appeared a confusion of building, without elegance.—And was I called upon to give my sentiments of it, I should say, that I think the neat little mansion opposite to it, belonging to Sir William For-dyce, far superior in every respect.

Leaving Lord Bute's seat, we continued the road to Christchurch, where the flowing Avon had spread its current over the adjacent meadows, and babbled across the road.

About a mile before we entered the town of Christchurch, we had ocular demonstration of the swells this river is subject to; which had been occasioned by the excessive rains that had fallen during the latter part of our tour.

Nor

" Nor was this the only spot we viewed to the same disadvantage.—Yet still, through this gloomy robe, we could plainly perceive that the neighbourhood of Christchurch possesses many picturesque attractions. The valley down which the Avon meanders, was clad in the liveliest vernal tints, and exhibited a thousand objects that enchant the eye.

Judging of Christchurch from the account which we had received from some gentlemen who had taken a view of it before we did, we intended to have passed it in silence, and almost without bestowing a glance upon it; but when we approached the town, we found ourselves agreeably disappointed.

It has not indeed to boast of neatly-paved streets, or elegant mansions; it however is possessed of what pleases far beyond these, namely, an engaging combination of scenes. Even at its entrance this is visible; but at the bridge the view is truly interesting. The Needles and the Isle of Wight are a

continual back-ground to it, with a fine space of the sea intervening, where a variety of subjects might be introduced,

This town was anciently called Twinam-bourne, from its being situated at the conflux of the Avon and the Stour, which fall a little below it into the bay of Christchurch. It received its present name from the dedication of its church to Christ.

Here was anciently a priory of secular canons, which, so early as the reign of king Edward the Confessor, consisted of a dean and twenty-four holy brothers.— Their college was rebuilt after the conquest by Ranulph Lambard, bishop of Durham, who was some time the dean; and its revenues were considerably augmented during the reign of king Henry the First, by Richard de Redvers, earl of Devonshire; whose son, Earl Baldwin, about the year 1150, by an application to the pope, procured that the secular should be changed into regular canons of the order of St. Augustine. At its suppression the annual revenues

venues of this priory were valued at three hundred and twelve pounds seven shillings.

The collegiate church, which is now the parish church, is a rich antique building, and consists both of Saxon and Gothic architecture. — The form of it is singular, and, in its external appearance, has perhaps a greater variety of parts than most others.

Its tower is not high, but well constructed, and the architecture of it principally Gothic.

The corner of the transept, on the outside, has a variety of carved embellishments, chiefly of Saxon workmanship. From hence, towards the east, it assumes many forms, and terminates at the east window in a jumble of architecture.

The inside has undergone many worse than Cromwellian depredations, from the improvements that have been made from time to time in it. — But these being insufficient



cient to convince the world of a want of taste and knowledge in their predecessors, the present corporation have permitted a piece of noble Gothic architecture to be taken down, in order to make room for the erection of new seats for the accommodation of gentlemens' families.

During our inspection of this fabric, we perceived a carpenter chiseling away a delightful piece of the arms of the Salisbury family, to make way for a nail he was driving.—Vexed at such a want of respect, not only to the family, but for the valuable remains of ancient sculpture, I could not help remonstrating with the stupid animal on the impropriety of his conduct; but the only answer I received was a nod, and the additional vexation of seeing the destructive instrument immediately applied to the neck of a lion, which constituted one of the supporters, and with a stroke off went his head.

Those who are as fond of seeing antiquity as I am, will be able to form some idea of what

I felt

I felt upon the occasion.—However, as I found this was not a time to give vent to my chagrin, I civilly begged the precious fragment; and while I preserve it in commemoration of the wise directors of the purposed alterations, I often contemplate it as a sacrifice to stupidity.

On the right-hand side of the choir, as we advanced towards the altar, we perceived many nearly obliterated vestiges of its ancient beauty.—Among them was the recess in which the priests used to hear the confessions of their penitential devotees.

At the top of the south aisle was formerly a small chapel, which is now converted into a vault, wherein many of Mr. Hinkfman's family lie interred. We likewise observed in this vault, beautiful relicts of the arms of several noble families; but they were too much obliterated to be made out. There are still remaining in it a few small figures in niches, and one principal one on its side.

Near the east window is the chapel of the Virgin,

Virgin, where once stood a considerable number of effigies, inclosed in gothic arches; but all those within the reach of Cromwell's despoilers have been pulled down, and the architecture likewise broken.

On each side of this chapel are the remains of a tomb; one of which appears to have been rebuilt with stone brought from the Isle of Wight; and a few fragments of the other still indicate what it formerly was.

On the left-hand as you advance towards the east window, there was anciently a door, which is now blocked up.

Opposite to this chapel, and at the back of the altar, is affixed a large monument, to the memory of Charles Brander, Esq. who was a liberal supporter of this borough.—The only objection to be made to this monument is, that a very considerable quantity of fine workmanship has undergone the mallet to make room for it.

At the top of the north aisle is another  
chapel

chapel of the same nature as that in which Mr. Hinksmān's family lie interred; but still more mutilated than that. In every niche the figures are destroyed, and all its beauties lie a wreck to Oliverian licentiousness.

As we descended this aisle, a number of ancient tombs presented themselves, but without date or inscription.—Three hammers, as a crest, appeared on one of them, unattended by any other memento.

On the left-hand of this aisle we ascended a flight of steps, which led us into a chapel, built by one of the countesses of Salisbury. The stone of which it is constructed is perfectly fresh, and appears unaltered in any shape by time. The workmanship, which is in imitation of the Gothic, is light and airy, with a considerable degree of taste.

This part, however, has not been left without a token of the visitation of the spoilers before referred to; for on the top of the chapel, where the arms of the Salisbury

bury and two other families appear to have been, their usual delapidations are visible.

Continuing still lower, on the left-hand towards the door, is a tomb, on which lies the figures of a man and woman, the former clad in armour, the latter in the dress of the reign of Henry the Seventh.—The image of the man is six feet seven inches in length; that of the woman rather less than six feet.

Our guide assured us that these two figures were supposed by the people of the town to represent Cerdic, king of the West Saxons, and his queen; but as this cathedral, though originally a Saxon structure, was certainly not erected in the time of that prince, and the armour, &c. are of a subsequent æra, we could not coincide with them in their opinion. The effigies being much defaced, not the least trace of letters or figures are to be found by which the date might be ascertained.

As we entered the choir, the seats for the college youths, and those for the church establishment,

establishment, such as are to be found in all cathedrals, attracted our notice; many of them being curiously carved with whimsical figures.

Proceeding on a marble pavement, we advanced to the altar, where a ludicrous display of characters, ill adapted to the sacred spot, appeared over the communion table. Among them a group, I suppose intended to represent the Trinity, excited our risible faculties. There were likewise some other characters equally ridiculous, formed after the conception of those times, when the bigotted ideas of the monk directed the designs of the artist.

Returning to the west door, we observed, on a small desk, Fox's "Book of Martyrs;" and underneath it a chest, in which were a variety of other old books upon religious and ecclesiastical subjects.

The building on the inside is lofty, and seems to be unshaken by Time. We could not cast our eyes around this venerable pile  
without

without calling to remembrance Milton's enchanting description of the inside of a cathedral :

———— The high embowed roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.

Near the bridge are the remains of an old castle, the relics of which barely serve to convince us that it once possessed some strength.

Christchurch is a large populous place, in which a considerable manufacture is carried on of silk stockings and gloves. Its corporation consists of a mayor, a recorder, aldermen, bailiffs, and a common council ; and it sends two members to parliament, who are elected by a majority of burgesses within and without the borough.

## SECTION XXX.

**H**AVING passed the night here, we rose with pleasure as soon as the day broke, intending to breakfast at Ringwood, and take advantage of a morning that beamed gladness to every eye. The atmosphere was serene, and brilliant; not a single cloud floated in it to intercept the innumerable beauties that decked the vale of Avon. The current of that river gently glided on, nor sent forth a murmur but what was harmonious; while transient glows played upon its surface, and diffused around a thousand attractive charms.

The opposite hills of Dorsetshire ranged close to the water's edge, and though low, rose with beauty. I here term that beauty, which seen at another time, would, I am well convinced, be but a poor object, from its want of colouring and subject.—But at this crisis, while the beams of the great luminary, rising from his watery couch, threw over the fractured mountain's brow a variety



of tints, both in chaste keeping, and harmony of colours ; we were presented with one of those scenes, which a sudden view of, nearly bereaves us, for the instant, of every other faculty ;—a scene, that while we pause upon it, enlivens every idea, and vibrates through the whole frame,

“ In wilder’d rapture lost, and roving thought.”

Of such a nature were my feelings, on beholding the variegated beauties of the vale of Avon ; to give a description of them adequate to those sensations is not in the power of my pen.

Could I so far divest myself of my present religious sentiments as to seek out for another object of worship, certainly no created divinity would so soon attract my devotion as that wonderful luminary which lights up the morning, and excites with his first beams such delightful sensations in the human breast.

How beautiful are the effects of a sun-rise, described by Langhorne in his “ Hymn to the  
the

the rising Sun;" which he makes a part of the morning devotions of Solyman, and in which he stiles the great fountain of light and life, "*The Golden God*." So finely has that pathetic writer conceived, and so deeply does he appear to adore the breaking morn, that one could almost believe him to be a real inhabitant of Irwan's vale.—Being most applicable to the subject I am upon, I shall transcribe from it the two following stanzas:

" From the red wave rising bright,  
 " Lift on high thy golden head;  
 " O'er the misty mountain, spread  
 " Thy smiling rays of orient light!

" O haste, and spread the purple day  
 " O'er all the wide ætherial ray.  
 " Nature mourns at thy delay:  
 " God of glory haste away!"

LANGHORNE'S SOLYMAN AND ALMENA

A few years ago some lines were addressed to the public, after viewing Mr. Gainsborough's gallery, by an unknown hand, who, enraptured with the productions of the greatest artist, that for an exact conformity to English nature, this kingdom

ever could boast, expresses the exquisite satisfaction he felt, in an elegant little poem, which, if I recollect right, for I speak from memory, commences with the following stanzas:

“ Whoe’er the glowing impulse knows,  
 “ By GENIUS only given,  
 “ Will feel the pleasures it bestows,  
 “ The first on this side heaven ;

“ Thus blest with talents to adorn,  
 “ With thee, the town we leave,  
 “ To watch the dewy break of morn,  
 “ Or crimson blush of eve.”

Such was the pleasure we received from this morning’s ride, which, for a continuance of beautiful scenes, equalled any we had enjoyed during our route ; it possessing a combination of all that the warmest lover of the picturesque could wish for.

The right-hand hills separated us from the western extremity of the forest, and varied but very little in their appearance till we arrived near Ringwood. The opposite ledge or ridge of Dorsetshire hills had  
 rather

rather a barren look ; there was, however, some beauty in the disposition of them.

The Avon, which meandered between us and the last named promontories, charmed us by its variety and serpentine forms.—Not unfrequently it presented a lake scene. Then the reflections on its lucid bosom were beautiful ;—while its transparency and brilliancy greatly tended to enliven each curve.

The Avon is one of those rivers whose stream is always pleasing.—Even a continuance of heavy rain cannot rob it of its transparency.—However disturbed it might be, it clears itself again in a few hours. Addison's beautiful simile of the perturbed stream becoming again limpid, is so very applicable to this river, that to introduce it here may lead the reader to an idea of its beauty.

“ Thus the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains  
 “ Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,  
 “ Works itself clear ; and as it runs refines ;  
 “ Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,  
 “ Reflects each flower that on the border grows,  
 “ And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

ADDISON'S CATH.

Water that is fresh has by no means either the diversity, or the beauty of tints, which the sea produces.—The latter are peculiarly conspicuous on a very stormy day; when sudden rays shoot from the sun.—At those instants, a beautiful light green is partially presented.—From the minute observations I have frequently made during such storms, I have always had the pleasure of seeing these transitions.

Nothing can give a landscape greater beauty than the variety before described.—The pencil of Barret was peculiarly happy in it.—And in general we find him partial to lake scenes; which he executed in the highest style. A picture of his of Dolbadon Castle, on Llanberris Lake in North Wales, was the completest attempt of the kind I ever beheld.—Scarcely two waves were of the same hue; and yet all so finely harmonized that the piece appeared to be a scene of real Nature.

We met with little more than the vale just spoken of to gratify the sight, till we arrived near Ringwood; where the right-hand

hand scenes introduced those parts of the forest we had traversed two days before.—It appeared from this point of view rather barren in the offskip; but, as it usually does, lost itself in woody screens.

The entrance to Ringwood from this road is rather its meanest part.—It is without diversity.—On the opposite shore a plantation of pines skirted the river, and terminated at the bridge.

Ringwood, though small, is one of the principal towns near this part of the New Forest; to which may be added, that it is likewise the principal post town on the road leading from London and Southampton into Dorsetshire. Some few manufactures, of no great note, are carried on here; but what this place is chiefly famed for is its beer, which both for its strength and flavour is deservedly celebrated, not only throughout England, but in many foreign countries.

It is undoubtedly a place of great antiquity;

quity ; and is thought by some to be the Roman station mentioned in Antoninus by the name of *Regnum*. This however is controverted by others, who place *Regnum* at Chichester.

A circumstance which is recorded among the historical events of the last century adds something to the celebrity of this town. The unfortunate duke of Monmouth, after his defeat at the battle of Sedgemore, in the year 1685, having found means to elude his pursuers, escaped to the neighbourhood of Ringwood, where he was at length discovered in the ditch of a pea-field, covered with fern. In his pocket were some green pease, on which vegetable he is said to have subsisted for two days. Being taken prisoner, he was confined in this town till he was removed to London, where he soon after was beheaded.

Leaving Ringwood we entered the vale of Avon, which now began to expand, and to enlarge its beauties.—Its breadth here was considerably greater than in the parts we  
had

had passed before;—with a landscape more rural than romantic.

It still, however, preserved its beauties, and afforded continual proof of its unbounded variety.—Its vest consisted of an uninterrupted gay surface, with fine winding curves of the river, which were broad and transparent.

The opposite shores are well wooded; an appearance that tended to promote the attractions of the Avon.—Several hamlets, at short distances, break from the wood, with here and there the tower of a village church.

About three miles beyond Ringwood, the road opened to a noble expanse of water, where the fore-grounds were well adapted to the scenes.—The Avon at this spot received many additional beauties from its situation.—The shores on both sides were well wooded;—and the hills ranged rather in pleasing than picturesque lines.

Our route this day along the verge of the  
river,



river, was delightful as to the views, and agreeable in every other respect. — The greatest abatement to our satisfaction was the not having the charms of the New Forest constantly within sight, on our right-hand, which would have added grandeur to the scene. The hills, however, which ranged on that side were alternately wooded; but sometimes they appeared barren, and consequently not altogether grateful to the sight.

The whole of the road in point of views, preserved a near resemblance to what we had passed immediately after we had left Ringwood; and continued the same till we arrived at Fordingbridge, a town situated about six miles from that place;

From the appearance of Fordingbridge, when viewed at the distance of a mile; a traveller would be led to suppose it a place of much greater consideration than on a nearer approach he finds it to be. — At that distance the church itself conveys an idea of more grandeur than it really possesses.

However,

However, if the town of Fordingbridge is neither great nor grand, the outskirts of it are fascinating to a degree.—A variety of alluring picturesque scenes form a continual landscape. The combination of fore-grounds about the town, and in the adjacent valley, afford interesting and satisfactory subjects for the pencil.

Some years ago, considerable manufactures of checks, bed-ticks, &c. were carried on in this place; but through the exorbitant wages required by the workmen, they have fallen into decay. The business of calico printing was likewise established here, and carried on for some time with success; but upon the same account, has been put a stop to.—The former branches have indeed, within these few years somewhat revived, but not to that extent they were once carried on.

## SECTION

## SECTION XXXI.

**I**NTENDING to reach Salisbury that night, and in our way to pursue the course of the Avon, we departed from Fordingbridge in the afternoon, and made for Dunckton, or, as the country people call it, Downton.

On the right hand, as we left Fordingbridge, a group of coppices, called the hanging woods, ranged all along the eastern shores of the river to Bunckley. This mansion appears to have been of some standing, and is the principal gentleman's seat near the road. The grounds round it are extensive, but not of such a kind as to prove very pleasing to the sight. We did not ride up to the house; but from the account we received of it at Fordingbridge, we should not probably have found, after those we had already seen, any thing in the internal part that would have repaid our loss of time.

From

From hence we passed on, without perceiving any material alteration in the scene, till we arrived near Brimmer, the seat of Sir Edward Hulse. The appearance of this house from the road is not such as to attract any particular attention.—Standing on a lawn that gradually ascends, without any shrubberies directly at its back, it looks cold and naked. As to the building itself, it seemed to be ancient, but at the same time devoid of any leading principle, either of beauty or airiness.—The gable ends in particular are disgusting to the sight.

Continuing the road, we rode on without being gratified with a single glance of real beauty.—A cold chill meadow, with a number of regular channels cut through its surface, for the purpose of retaining water to be applied to the uses of bleaching, was continually catching the sight; nor did we find any variation in the scene till we arrived near Downton;—there the woody uplands of the forest once more cheered us, and constituted the leading feature of the landscape.

Dunckton

Dunckton, or Downton, is a long straggling country town, rather pleasing to look at ; but we could not observe any trait in or about it that deserved commemoration.

The road from hence was continually hemmed in between hedge rows, till we arrived near Longford castle, the seat of the earl of Radnor. The grounds belonging to this mansion are spacious, and combined with great taste. Those parts of the park which lie adjacent to the road are well planted, and form many noble recesses.

On an elevated spot, about half a mile from the castle, towards Salisbury plain, a most complete and delightful view of it is to be had.—From this point of view it seems to burst from a wood, which relieves it with amazing ease, and gives a perfect idea of what Nature can do towards beautifying her designs.

Fleeting shadows slid over the surrounding covers, and left the principal light on the principal object, the castle. Behind the  
woods,

woods, the Avon, which had almost deserted us since our leaving Fordingbridge, fauntered in sweet serpentine up the lovely vale; while the distance was composed of the hills of White parish, and ended with the woody promontories of the New Forest.

From the spot at which we viewed this mansion, its wings appeared to terminate with two round towers, picturesque in a distance, and pleasing, I doubt not, when near.—Its situation is low ;—it is however a conspicuous object from the hills, for many miles round.—We saw it from the summit of White-parish hill, and afterwards from the opposite plains, in our route from Salisbury to Stonehenge.

The day beginning to close apace, we had not time to view the inside of it, which we much regretted, as we were informed that his lordship's collection of pictures is well worth seeing.

The road from lord Radnor's to Salisbury is finely touched by Nature.—The wood,  
that

that displayed incessant beauties to our sight, was rurally enlivened by a busy mill, and formed a pleasing scene.

A variety of objects continued to entertain us till we arrived at the summit of a small hill, from which we had a view of the city of Salisbury.—In one of the loveliest vallies England can boast, well verdured with towering oaks and elms, and equally well watered, stands that city.

Its appearance from this point affords but an indifferent idea of its extensiveness.—Its aspect is not so confused as many large towns, but rather grand and agreeable to the sight. In short, Salisbury is one of those cities that a general view of cannot fail of giving satisfaction to the most travelled spectator.—The spire of its cathedral, as well as its parochial churches, exalting their towers above the surrounding trees, are objects that demonstrate its extent, without offending by their confusion.—The valley likewise, down which the Avon winds,  
drops

drops before the woody screens, and continually amuses the eye.

We found the soil here to consist of a different substance from any we had lately passed ;—an almost entire chalk clothed the surface of the road throughout the whole of the way, over the downs, to Salisbury.

The most distant hills towards Devizes (or, as it is usually termed, *the* Devizes,) did not appear to us to exceed in height the pinnacle of the cathedral ;—and afterwards, on our arrival at Stonehenge, from the cursory view we had of it, we were further convinced of the great height of the spire:—We were informed that it is visible on that road at the distance of eighteen miles.—But if we consider the depth of the vallies between those two places for the first nine miles, the computed distance of Stonehenge from Salisbury, it cannot exceed six miles in a parallel line ; and the remaining part of the eighteen miles will of course be proportionably shortened.



The most pleasant and picturesque view of Salisbury, and of the copious valley in which it lies, that fell under our notice, was from White-parish hill.—The promontories of Alderbury common harmoniously break the lines, and form a noble offskip.—Nor are the plains beyond them less engaging;—they rise boldly, and sweeping in elegant forms, at last lose themselves in the horizon.

This species of distant subjects was first the pencil of Claude Lorraine particularly happy in.—Whenever he painted a distance for a landscape, he seems studiously to have watched the varying operations of Nature, and observed that *minutiae* of blending the earth with the atmosphere.

These scenes are frequently seen in an open country, both at the dawn of day and the close of the evening.—In many parts of Scotland, when the dewy substances begin to lower upon the mountains, the peasants who are at a distance from home, aware of the approaching darkness,

darkness, repair with all speed to their cottages and cabbins; and the traveller hastens to the next town.

There is also another stile of painting practised by that great master, which convinces me of the beauty every picture receives by blending the aërial texture with the grosser elements, and that is in his sea pieces; in which he peculiarly excelled; and wherever he introduced a mist or sunset on the water, he so softly touched objects on it, and in such fine harmony, that he always conveyed more to the mind than he expressed on the canvas.

His stile of painting, though undoubtedly admired by all, is in general copied but by few.—We find many modern artists who never think of paying any attention to this subject,—I mean that of painting a distance.

I seldom recollect to have seen any considerable distance in Mr. Morland's works; the want of which I frequently regret. Since the decease of Mr. Gainsborough, I

I may safely avow this artist to be as correct an English copier of Nature as any of the present time.—Indeed, from the observations I have been able to make when I have compared his pieces with the productions of Nature, as I have frequently done, I think I may pronounce him to be unrivalled.

Salisbury plain, and the country around it have, as a leading feature, very extensive distances;—many of them too much so;—but those which look towards Hampshire are all that the pallet can wish.

SECTION

## SECTION XXXII.

**D**ECLINING an easy descent, we entered Salisbury by two bridges that cross the river.—The entrance to this city, at first sight, must prepossess a stranger in its favour.—On the left-hand a rampart or wall with battlements, runs between a stream of clear water and the road, which encompasses what is termed the close; within this the cathedral stands. Clear streams of water pass through almost every street in Salisbury;—and in many of them there is one on each side.

—The close is principally inhabited by the gentry, and those who officiate at the cathedral; the establishment of which consists of a bishop, dean, precentor, chancellor, three archdeacons, a subdean, a subchanter, forty-five prebendaries, six vicars, six singing men, eight choristers, an organist, and other officers.

The first founder of the present cathedral

was bishop Poore, who carried it on during his life time ; but it was not till forty years after, and having been under the directions of two others, that it was finished by Giles de Bridport, the bishop of the diocese at that time.

Like many other of our ancient cathedrals and churches, it is built in the form of a cross.—The architecture of it is simple and slight.—The spire, though so high, appears to be still unshaken by time. To insure its perpetuity, it was coated by sir Christopher Wren with plates of iron, and with bandages of the same.—By means of this process, according to the opinion of those who have surveyed it, it is rendered as firm and durable as when first erected.

We here unfortunately again traced that feeble method of beautifying we have so often censured.—Within these few years, the principal part of the inside of this cathedral has been white-washed, and of course blemished.—And in endeavouring to imitate the intervening lines between each stone, they

they have drawn large disproportionate black lines;—evidently the effect of mistake and ignorance.

Under these roofs are not to be traced the remains of so many crowned heads as we noticed in the cathedral at Winchester. We find that king Henry the Second summoned his parliament to meet him here; and this was done in several of the subsequent reigns; yet Salisbury was never regarded by the early sovereigns with that attention Winchester appears to have been.—Whether this proceeded from the latter city lying nearer to the sea, or to its being a place of greater antiquity, and the ancient seat of the West Saxon kings, I will not take upon me to determine.

The most particular object that attracted our attention in the cathedral of Salisbury was, the stained-glass windows by Mr. Pearson, the subject “Moses and the Brazen Serpent;” after a drawing by Mortimer.—This being a present to the church by the earl of Radnor, his lordship’s arms were placed

over it;—but during a tempestuous night, the latter were blown down and dashed to pieces.

We were informed that this building contains as many windows as there are days in the year;—as many marble pillars as there are hours;—and as many gates as there are lunar revolutions. The task of proving the truth of these trivial remarks we had neither time nor inclination to undertake.

Its external appearance in general is gay, light, and airy;—the design delicate, and finely touched;—neatness the prevailing idea;—and a thorough knowledge of true taste conspicuous in every part.

As the interior parts have nothing very interesting in them to boast of, particularly in the monumental way, the chief of which consist of the remains of some of its bishops, and a few nobles of no very considerable note, we shall not enter into a minute description of them.

The

The city of New Sarum, or Salisbury, is a regular, clean, and beautiful spot.—The buildings are in general low, but uniform; except in the close, where they rather resemble in quietness and gentility the parts leading out of Portman-square, and some others at the west end of London.

The market-place likewise forms a spacious square, and gives an airy lightness to the whole city.—At the south-side of it, till lately, stood the town-hall; but not long ago it was consumed by fire.—Since which, the earl of Radnor has liberally granted his support and encouragement towards building a new one. When we were there, the foundation only was laid; but according to the information we received from a gentleman in the architectural line, resident in Salisbury, we are enabled to say, that the plan after which it is to be built, is at once convenient and elegant.

The manufactures of Salisbury consist of flannels and cloths;—besides which it has for many years acquired a name, and not  
without



without a just pretension to it, for having arrived at a very great degree of perfection in the finishing of cutlery and jewellery.

In the polish of steel we had always heard that they displayed uncommon skill ; particularly in scissars, for the beauty of which their fame far extends ; but we never heard till now the reason of their being sold at so extravagant a price as the most curious of them are.

Among other anecdotes which are related by the people of the town to account for it, strangers are told, upon expressing a surprise at the great price that is demanded for scissars, that the famous Nell Gwynn gave fifty pounds for a pair.—That the implements of this sort made here are of an excellent quality, there is no doubt ; but why the example of that celebrated demirep should have any influence in exciting the ladies of the present times to give an extravagant price for them, is yet to be accounted for.

Nor

Nor is the care they take to render the articles they deal in superior to those of other manufacturers less conspicuous than their attention in vending them;—their shops are no less brilliant than their goods are valuable. The exhibition of their wares exceeds almost any thing we see in London; and taste without tawdriness is displayed by the generality of the shopkeepers.

This city sends two members to parliament; and is governed by a mayor, a high steward, a recorder, a deputy recorder, twenty-four aldermen, thirty common-council men, a town clerk, and three serjeants at mace.

I must not omit one peculiarity (and a praise-worthy peculiarity it is) relative to Salisbury, before we take our leave of it.—Much to the credit of the corporation, at every avenue of the city is written in large characters, an order for the non-admission of vagrants and itinerants of all descriptions.—And in consequence of this regulation, duly enforced, a beggar, that common  
pest

pest to many other *seemingly* well-regulated cities, is scarcely ever to be seen in it.—An example, that if more generally followed, would put a stop in a great measure to the impositions of that most useless and undeserving class of the society, common mendicants; who too often avert the stream of charity from more worthy objects.

We found Salisbury to contain a greater number of polite and respectable inhabitants than most inland towns or cities usually do; the trade of it is consequently in a flourishing state, and peace and plenty seem to have taken up their abode within its boundaries.

About a mile to the northward of the city lies Old Sarum; a spot that for its antiquity could not fail of attracting our attention.—It was undoubtedly a place of considerable consequence in the time of the Romans, and probably was held before by the Britons. The former had a station here, and they gave a judicious proof of their well-known military experience in fixing on this spot, as from its elevated

elevated situation it commands the greatest part of the adjacent country.—The name given to it by the Romans was *Sorbiodunum*; and their great road, called Ikening-street, extended to its eastern gate.

We here found the opinion we had entertained relative to the citadel of Carisbrook castle confirmed. Even though the height of this fortress is considerably greater than that of the before mentioned castle, yet there are several wells in it, which appear to have formerly had a sufficient supply of water.—And as these wells were undoubtedly sunk by the Romans for the accommodation of the garrison, there is the greatest probability from the familiarity of every circumstance, that the well at Carisbrook was also dug by that people; and that the fortress, of course, had been in their possession.

This antique place has furnished a subject of speculation for the antiquarians of these latter ages.—Indeed the venerable appearance of its remains render it worthy of their minutest researches.—If not a British,  
it

it is allowed to have been a Roman fortress ; —and afterwards becoming a station of greater consequence to that people, it remained in their possession till the whole of their forces were withdrawn from Britain.

In the year 960 we find it to be a place of no little consideration, as king Edgar assembled here that council (by whatever name it was then distinguished) which had, under the regal authority, the regulation of the public concerns of the Saxons.

In the year 1003 Swaine, king of Denmark, made an incursion on this part of the English coast, as a retaliation for the general massacre of the Danes, which had just before happened ; and having pillaged and burnt this place, he returned to his ships with great wealth.

Notwithstanding this demolition, and the obscurity in which it was of course enveloped for some years, William the Conqueror received here, as well as at Barking in Essex, the

the oath of allegiance from the different orders of his new subjects.

Some say that at this place the first public meeting which bore any resemblance to the present parliament, was held; king Henry the First having summoned the lords spiritual and temporal to meet him there.

During the time Old Sarum was in a flourishing state, the cathedral belonging to the diocese was here; but disputes arising between the clergy and the garrison, (which had been placed in it by king Stephen, who was at variance with the bishop) the latter, with his canons, formed the resolution of retiring to some other place; and to this they were further induced by the scantiness of the water to be found on the top of so high a hill.

This resolution however, could not be carried into execution till the reign of Henry the Third; when bishop Poore fixed on a spot about a mile and a half to the south-east

east of the old town, where he laid the foundation of a cathedral, which in about forty years, as before observed, became the magnificent structure now in being, and gave rise to the city of New Sarum, or Salisbury. But it was not until the time of Henry the Seventh, that Old Sarum was quite deserted.

The hill on which this city stood is perfectly round, and when in its prosperity a lofty castle rose in its centre, which must have afforded a noble appearance.—Its diameter was near two thousand feet, which was furrounded by a fosse, or ditch of great depth, and likewise by two ramparts, the inner and the outer.—On the inner stood a wall composed of flint and chalk strongly cemented together, quite round the top of which was a parapet with battlements.

In the centre of the whole circumference, on the very summit of the hill, stood the citadel or castle; furrounded with a very deep intrenchment, and high rampart.—Between the rampart of the castle and the  
outer

Outer rampart stood the city, which was divided into equal parts, on the north and south.—Near the middle of each division was a gate, which were the two grand entrances.—These were directly opposite to each other, and each had a tower, and a mole of great strength before it.—Besides these there were ten other towers, at equal distances, quite round the city; and over against them, in a line with the castle, were built the principal streets, intersected in the middle with one grand circular street that went quite round.

The walls, ramparts, and entrenchments by which it was every where defended; added to its elevated situation, rendered it to all appearance impregnable to any attacks that could be made upon it from without;—by famine or mutiny could it alone be endangered.

Such once was the city of Old Sarum; but of all this strength and splendour, scarce a vestige now remains.—Some appearance of both, however, is still visible; and from the



ruins of it, what it once was, is readily to be conceived by every curious spectator.

Throughout nearly the whole of the surrounding plains this spot is to be seen, especially on the roads that lead to Devizes and Andover.

Sorry I am to be able to add, that this deserted borough sends two members to parliament. So that one solitary farm-house and its humble occupiers, consequently have as great a share in the representation of the kingdom, as most of the principal towns and cities. Of course it may be supposed to be the rottenest borough in all England.

**SECTION**

## SECTION XXXIII.

**R**ETURNING to New Sarum, we took the road that leads to Stonehenge; a place more famous for its antiquity than that we have been just describing; and not less noted for the various opinions that have been entertained of its origin and design.

The downs we now ascended, whatever might have been said or written in their favour, appeared to us to be, as Dr. Goldsmith describes Campania's plain to be,

“ A dreary waste expanded to the skies.”

THE TRAVELLER.

It is true, that long before we visited these plains we had heard of the beautiful views they afforded; but throughout the whole of the way between Salisbury and Stonehenge, a space of nearly nine miles, I will venture to say I never beheld a more comfortless extension of uncouth, barren, unpicturesque subject in my life.

I think I may defy the Highlands of Scotland to exhibit a scene half so wearisome.— Those mountains, by all the accounts I ever  
Q 2
heard,

heard, rise with majesty and boldness ;—but the plains of Sarum are mean, though extensive, and confused without beauty.

Dr. Johnson, with a degree of satyrical virulence that does him no great credit, asserted that the northern parts of Scotland could not boast of an oak to match the stick with which he supported himself during his tour to the Highlands ;—but Salisbury plain scarcely produces a switch or shrub substantial enough to have given him the merited chastisement for so ill-natured and national an observation.

But to proceed to Stonehenge ; the celebrated remains of which have excited not only the researches of the antiquarian, but the curiosity of every curious traveller.

The plains on which they stand, and which are known by the general denomination of Salisbury plain, extend near fifty miles in length, from east to west, and in some places from thirty-five to forty in breadth.

The parts near Salisbury consist of a  
chalky

chalky down; and other parts are famous for feeding numerous flocks of sheep, some of which amount to many hundreds. A great number of barrows, the remains of temples, and the traces of many British, Roman, Saxon, and Danish camps and fortifications, are scattered over them.

The best place to turn off for Stonehenge is near the six-mile stone on the Devizes road; inclining rather to the north-east.—The track of a wheel from thence will prove the best guide.

- In traversing this intermediate space, we observed a great number of barrows.—These barrows, some of which are raised above the level of the ground from six to seven feet or more, are composed of a quantity of earth, and are supposed to be the burying places of British and Roman families.

They are perceivable all round Stonehenge, but do not extend to any considerable distance from it.—As we passed along, they appeared to be placed in a direct line; and,

and, from some objects which skirted the road, we had reason to believe that there was once a Roman caufeway here.

Many of these barrows have been opened; in all of which, according to Dr. Stukely, the heads of the deceased appeared to have been placed towards the north.

Several had been opened by the doctor at the request of the late earl of Pembroke, in some of which burnt bones were found inclosed in unbaked urns, and which, upon being exposed to the air, almost instantaneously crumbled into their original composition.—Such of the contents as could be preserved, were snatched from oblivion by the doctor.

Among them, a large brass weapon resembling a pole-axe, which weighed twenty pounds, was once in the possession of colonel Wyndham.—Sir Hans Sloane had also a curious instrument in his cabinet from one of these receptacles.

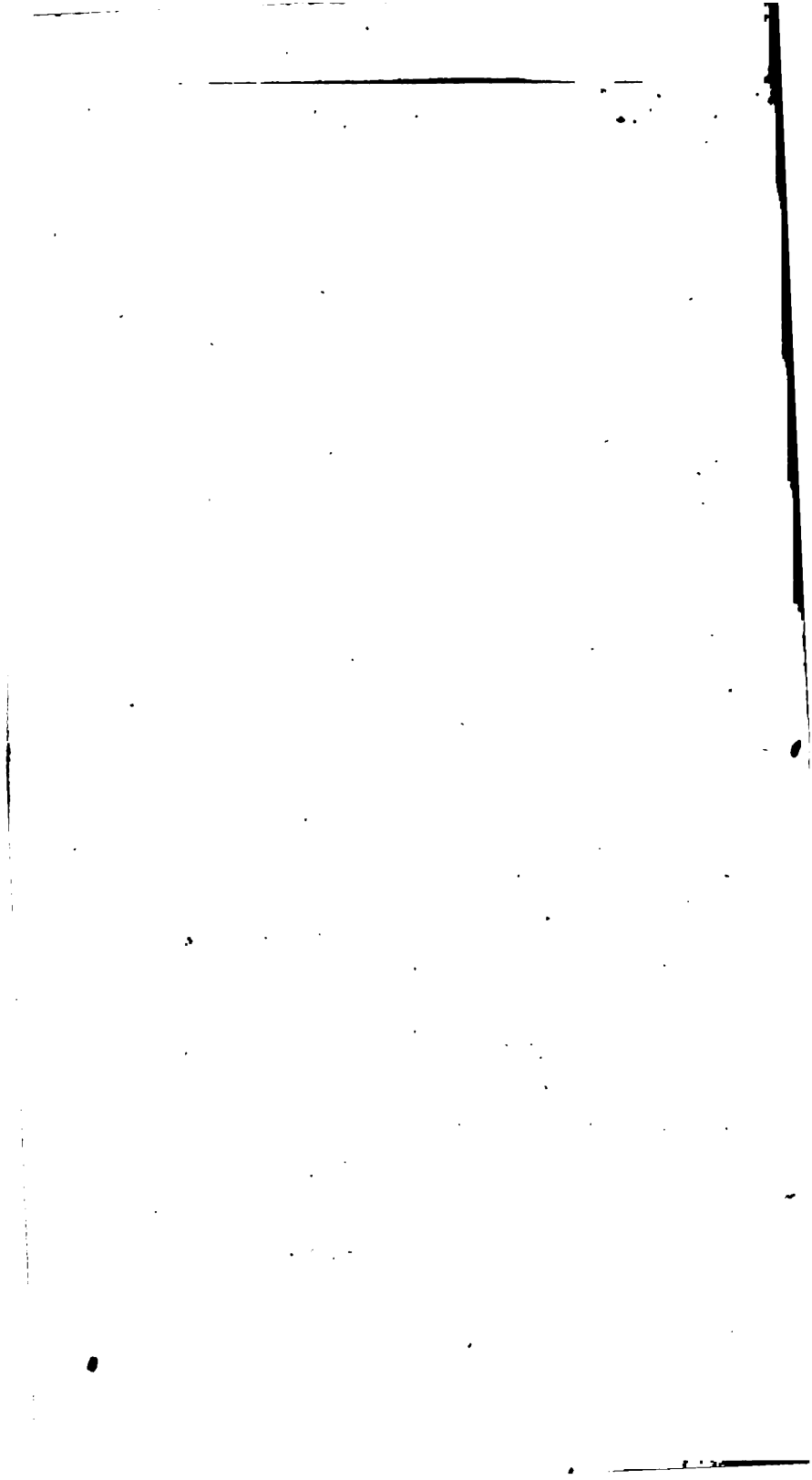
Some of the barrows opened by the before-

fore-mentioned gentleman proved to have belonged to the Druids, or at least to be British ; but these contained only the bones of beasts and fowls, most of which appeared to have been burnt.

The approach to Stonehenge is by the side of these barrows.—Its appearance is grand and pleasant to the sight, but does not seem to come up to the ideas that are generally formed of this stupendous heap of stones, before they are seen ; but this might partly proceed from the extensive plain on which they are situated, and which must tend to diminish their magnitude to the eye of the observer.—The real altitude of the highest of the stones does not exceed twenty feet, and many are not more than eighteen.

Several writers having treated largely of this immense pile, we shall not enter on a minute description of it, but content ourselves with cursory observations.

Among those who have written concerning it are Camden, Gibbon, Jones, Sammes, and Webb,—But Dr. Stukely seems best







JOHN D. JONES AND  
WILLIAM F. YOUNG

the place from whence the enormous stones which constitute this temple were originally procured.—It is the general opinion that, they were brought from Aubery near Marlborough, where there are an infinite number of the same kind of stones, which are called grey weathers.—But I own I cannot help thinking, if they are not composition, that they owe their existence to a spot much nearer their present situation than that, though no traces of the place, from its having been long filled up, and overgrown by the turf, are now to be perceived.—The distance of Aubery, and the great difficulty of conveying, for so considerable a length of way, such ponderous stones, seems to make against the supposition.

The building is circular ; and about one hundred and nine feet in diameter ; but the stones, as before observed, vary in height ; so that there is reason to believe it never was covered. A few years ago one of the stones was so nicely poised on the back of another, that the touch of the finger would alter its position ; it is, however, now more firmly fixed in the earth.

Dr.

Dr. Stukely is said to have counted all the stones; a task which the common people of those parts think is not to be accomplished, and confirm this assertion with some corroborating anecdotes. He likewise measured the length, breadth, and depth of every one of them; but as I make no pretensions to antiquarian knowledge, what I have said on the subject has only been the observations I made during the short view we took of them, and conclusions drawn from the remarks of others.

- The last peculiarity that I remarked in these stones was their durability.—Their surfaces are almost impenetrable to the utmost efforts of the chissel and mallet.—To this the weather has not a little contributed;—their constant exposure to it seems to have produced this firmness of texture.—They appeared to be coated with a fine diminutive moss; and are rather soft than harsh in their colouring.

This heap of stones was originally called Ambres, but they are supposed to have received their present name of *Stonebenge*, either

ther from the swinging stone before mentioned, or from those which are placed upon the tops of the others.—Overhanging precipices, in the northern parts of the kingdom, still bear the name of *benges*.

The morning on which we viewed them was wet and stormy ; I could therefore only make a hasty sketch of this celebrated structure. Before I had an opportunity of forming from ocular demonstration a just idea of it, I had seen several designs, but none that I can recollect in the point of view here given.

During the storm, a poor old shepherd, whose appearance was almost as antiquated, and rather more defaced by time than the stones themselves, retired to them for shelter from the turbulence of the weather.

His visage seemed to say that he had seen happier days.—Care sat upon his brow, accompanied by Humility, for he very submissively begged to hold our horses, while we surveyed the enormous fabric.

When-

- Whenever things so out of the common line fall in my way, I cannot pass them by unnoticed ; this poor old man therefore engaged for some time as much of our attention as the massive stones did ; and we could not forbear enquiring into the circumstances of his life.

- He told us he had attended a flock of sheep on these plains for above fifty years ; during which period, he said he could not recollect that he had known an hour's illness, or absented himself from his occupation for a single day, let the weather be ever so cold or tempestuous ; and all this for the scanty pittance of three shillings and sixpence per week. — " These hardships, however," continued the hoary shepherd, " are nothing to the sufferings I underwent before I sought for peace on these solitary plains. — I suffered through youthful sincerity ; — the recollection still pains me. — You seem to interest yourselves, gentlemen, in my sorrows, — but my story is too long to be related in such a blustering hour as this."

And so indeed it must have been : therefore

as soon as we had taken such a survey of the place as the weather would permit, we bade adieu to the poor old shepherd, and tying down our hats with our handkerchiefs, made the best of our way towards Amesbury; a place about two miles distant, situated on the banks of the Avon.

As we left the place, we could not help drawing a comparison between the hoary inhabitant of these downs, and the venerable remains of antiquity by which he stood. — While one at the age of seventy-five was bending under the weight of age and infirmity, his fellow natives of the plains, remained nearly in the same state they had done for more than seventeen hundred years; and seemed likely to withstand the ravages of time for a much longer period.

It is not in our power to give our readers any account of the distant views that might be visible from this spot;—suffice it to say, that all around us appeared dreary, and was made still more so by the storm.

Ambrosbury, or Amesbury, a place likewise

wife well known to antiquarians, is thought by some to have derived its name from its vicinity to Ambres, the ancient denomination of Stonehenge.—By others it is supposed to have been so named after Ambrosius Aurelianus, the celebrated British general, who, on the declension of the Roman empire, assumed the government of these parts, and founded a monastery of Benedictine monks here, that gave rise to the town.

Queen Elfrida, the wife of king Edgar, to expiate her crime in causing her son-in-law, Edward the Martyr, to be treacherously assassinated, converted the monastery into a nunnery. It had likewise the honour to be made the residence of another queen; and that was Eleanor, widow of Henry the Third.—Afterwards Mary, daughter of Edward the First, accompanied by the daughters of several noblemen, retired to this convent.—At the time of the dissolution, the nuns, who amounted to sixteen in number, had annuities granted them for their lives. Its revenue was then valued at 495*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.* or, according to Speed, at about 558*l.*

The

The situation of Amesbury is beautifully picturesque.—But we generally find that the situation of a town, through which a river flows, is agreeable, if not picturesque.—The woody banks of the Avon pleasingly skirt its clear stream.—Indeed the whole of the way along the side of the river, down to Salisbury, is a perfect picture.

There is a feat here which belonged to the late duke of Queensbury, built by Inigo Jones.—It contained, as we were informed, many things worthy of inspection, but the badness of the day, prevented our visiting it.

In this town was born that elegant writer, and worthy man, Mr. Addison. He was son of the reverend Mr. Launcelot Addison, the rector of Amesbury; and attracted so much notice by his writings, which even at this time are considered as some of the finest compositions in the English language, that he was raised to many eminent stations, till at length he became one of the principal secretaries of state to king George the First.

## SECTION



## SECTION XXXIV.

**F**ROM Amesbury we pursued our course along the banks of the Avon, back again to Salisbury; but could derive scarcely any satisfaction, through the turbulence of the weather, which would not permit us to view a single object to any advantage.—However, what we did see convinced us that beauty is continually to be met with wherever a river's meandering stream is to be pursued.

When we sat out from Salisbury, we determined only to pursue the course of the Avon as far as Amesbury; otherwise I am convinced we should have found other, and perhaps greater beauties.

On our return to Salisbury, before we entered the city, we had from the vale a fine prospect of Old Sarum.—From hence it assumed a degree of grandeur; but appeared rather too lumpish for strict picturesque principles.

As

As we had already satisfied our curiosity with regard to Salisbury, we passed through it, and entering the London road, rode on to Andover, a town which lies about eighteen miles from the before-mentioned place.

On this road the plains extend the whole of the way to a place called Middle Wallop, and exhibit a dreary scene, without a principal feature to beam pleasure on the eye.—It is a continued sameness;—hill after hill meanly rising till they reach the horizon.

We do not recollect seeing more than one house during the whole of the way across the plain; and that stands about eight miles from Sarum.—A few plots of ground near the road appear to be cultivated; and if due attention were paid to the soil of these parts, there is not the least doubt but it would answer the expectations of the cultivator.

Middle Wallop is situated on the declivity of a hill, and at its entrance exhibits a pleasing appearance.

We reached Andover before sun set.—The novelties of this town are but few, and scarcely worthy of notice.—The adjacent country is pleasant, and, according to all accounts, well stocked with game.—I must, however, do this town the justice to mention, that it is a large and populous place. A manufacture of shalloons is carried on in it, and a very considerable quantity of malt made. It was incorporated by queen Elizabeth, and is governed by a bailiff, a steward, a recorder, two justices, and twenty-two capital burgeses.

From thence we pursued the road to Basingstoke; which nearly lies at the same distance from Andover, that Andover does from Salisbury.—The chief part of this road lies between hedge-rows.—Nor does there appear to be any particular feature in the country worthy of being noticed.

Basingstoke is a place of some antiquity, but in itself is a dirty, irregularly-built town. It is however large and populous, and governed by a mayor, a recorder, seven aldermen,

aldermen, and seven capital burgesſes.—Beſides the pariſh church, there are the ruins of a chapel built by the firſt lord Sandys, in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The principal trade carried on here is for malt.

From Baſingſtoke we croſſed the country to Farnham.—Though frequently cloſed in on both ſides, we had convincing proofs of that pre-eminence which the country near Farnham has over every track we had paſſed ſince we left Salisbury.

On our return to this town, we had the pleaſure of viewing Mr. S. Elmer's collection of pictures;—a collection ſelected with ſo much judgment, that it would grace the manſion of a nobleman.

We much regret that time would not permit us to take a more deliberate view of them;—our deſcription of them will confequently be leſs accurate and minute than we could wiſh it to be.

Among the firſt which attracted our notice,

tice, was a piece by Nicholas Poussin ;—it is a fine large picture—the subject allegorical. —The drawing is exquisite, and the colouring equal to it.

I have seen pictures by this master that have sold for three hundred guineas ; but, in my opinion, were those to be set in competition with this, the superiority would be so evident, that it would be valued at five times that sum.

I remember one that was exhibited in Pall-mall, to which I think the sum of seven hundred guineas was affixed as its price.—It was, I suppose, considered as something very wonderful.—And so it ought to be, as such a price was demanded for it.—The piece in the possession of Mr. Elmer, is a *chef d'œuvre* among Poussin's works, and equal to any school, whether ancient or modern. And excepting the triumph of Bacchus, and its companion the same of Silenus, I think this may rank as his next.

There are many others, pictures of equal merit

merit in their way.—Nor are Mr. Elmer's own performances to be ranked in the second class.—The allowed superiority of this gentleman's works over those of every living artist in his line, undoubtedly entitled him to the honour of having the letters R. A. affixed to his name.—After labouring so many years, and having afforded so much satisfaction to the public, his assiduity and skill, in my opinion, certainly entitle him to the distinction.—But prejudice and ingratitude have hitherto proved a bar to that claim.

As an additional title to it, let it be remembered, that he is a *general* painter.—His beggars and other portraits, particularly the politician, engraved by Mr. Ryder, met, many years ago, with no inconsiderable degree of praise.—Notwithstanding which, and that he is hastening fast towards fourscore, we see him neglected, and overlooked by the academy.—But Mr. Elmer is not singular; Mr. Wright of Derby has experienced treatment of as partial a nature.

Having

Having in the first part of our Tour mentioned every particular relative to Farnham which fell under our observation, we shall now confine ourselves to a description of the valley lying between that town and Guilford; as that was the chief object which induced us to return by this road to London.

Ascending the ridge of hills, known by the name of the Hog's Back, we found the view from it much more agreeable and picturesque, than we had entertained an idea of.

The commencement of this range of hills on the right-hand, is at Moor Park; where they spring in pleasing and various forms.—The only apparent deficiency is the want of water in the valley.—The distances in Sussex rise with splendour, and exhibit scenes grand enough for the pencil of Mr. Loutherborough.—A sweet succession of this scenery lasted the whole of the way to Guilford.

On the left-hand, the country and the  
views

views were of a very different kind.—A plain flat valley extends for a number of miles ; so that the eye can distinctly perceive from the hill the Thames near Windsor.—It can likewise discern, with equal readiness, all the smooth surfaces of heath and forest for full twenty miles distant.

This kind of landscape is seldom courted by artists.—Where a long distance presents itself, we generally find a confusion of objects. But here, on the contrary, it is rather too distinct for the canvas. The country on our left continued likewise to present a similar appearance the whole of the way to Guilford.

We do not recollect seeing such a contrast of landscape in all Hampshire.—It was pleasing to view, on both sides, but not alike formed for the pencil.—The right-hand screen was bold with jutting knolls, and woody promontories ;—the opposite was an extensive plain.

From Guilford we continued our route to  
London



London by way of Kingston.—A sameness of paltry hedge-rows extended all the way till we passed near Oatlands ;—there a spacious heath encountered the sight, and lined the road for some distance.

Passing Elther and Cobham, we arrived at Kingston. On rising the hill beyond the town, we had an engaging view down the vale through which the Thames meanders, and it was the only one that had given us any satisfaction since our leaving Guilford.

Our journey now drew towards a conclusion.—Crossing Putney common, we passed over Fulham bridge, and entered London at the same avenue by which we had left it, namely, Hyde-park Corner.

F I N I S.

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